CONRADE:

OR,

THE GAMESTERS.

A Novel,

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY

CAROLINE MATILDA WARREN.

Lean not on earth, 'twill pierce thee to the heart,
A broken reed at best, but oft a spear;
On its sharp point, peace bleeds, and hope expires.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

THE author of the following work is sensible it will not bear the test of criticism. As the production of a youth, whose education has been limited, whose opportunities have been penurious, she hopes it will be viewed with that candour, which is ever an attendant of discernment.

 She

She presents it to the public, not as the laboured production of erudition, but as the efforts of a mind rather of the contemplative turn, whose principal amusement is derived from such pursuits.

At a period, when the novelist is seldom greeted with a solitary smile of approbation from the whole regiment of literàti; when even "the house is divided against itself," and *novel writers* attribute many of the fashionable foibles of the day to *novel reading*; it may argue a degree of temerity to produce a work, which bears this "image and superscription."

 While

while she cordially agrees with the objector, that *some* novels have exhibited too highly coloured portraits of life; and have, like an *ignis fatuus*, too frequently led the young mind astray; yet the writer believes, that were novels devoted to the cause of moral virtue, they might become as *useful*, as they are thought to be *pernicious*. The light, unthinking mind, that would revolt at a moral lesson from the pulpit, will seize, with avidity, the instruction offered under the similitude of a story.

"To blend instruction with amusement, and at once to regale the imagi-

nation,

nation, and reform the heart," has been the writer's object; how far she has succeeded, a candid public will determine.

Though the writer is confident the work would not pass unscorched through the fiery ordeal of criticism, yet if it possess sufficient merit to meet a smile from the brow of candour; or, (what is infinitely dearer to her heart) if it gain one soul to virtue, or lure one profligate from the arms of dissipation, or snatch from the precipice of ruin, one fair fabric of innocence, she will deem herself amply compensated for every studious effort she has made, to

throw

throw the following sheets into their present form.

Perhaps no vice is more seemingly *venial*, or more *really* destructive, than gaming. Many a lost, despairing son of pleasure, will attest the truth of this observation.

What was at first practised to amuse a leisure hour, "grows with their growth, and strengthens with their strength," till it becomes a fixed and rooted vice; and when the husband, the father, and the friend, can find attractions in a gaming-table, superior to those offered by the domestic fire-side, virtue herself is eradicated from his

bosom.

bosom, and *feeling* is exchanged for inhumanity. The writer has attempted to discourage the practice of this too fashionable vice, and should the attempt prove unsuccessful, and the work be justly condemned,

"One secret voice, at least, shall sooth my heart,
Nor will I tremble at the critic's dart,
While conscience sweetly whispers this applause,
Thou hast not injur'd virtue's sacred cause."

Of the ill-judging and censorious hypercritic, who views with the jaundiced eye of prejudice, "every production from a *female pen*," she has nothing to ask, confidently believing, that

that the really learned and virtuous will approve the *intention*, though a want of merit should oblige them to censure the *execution of the work*.

THE AUTHOR.

SUTTON,
February, 1806.

CONRADE.

CHAP. I.

Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi.

HORACE.

THE subject of the present history was the only child of respectable and opulent parents, who resided in a pleasant village, a few miles distant from the metropolis of Massachusetts, in America.

The worthy Mr. Anderson had acquired an affluent fortune in the practice of the law; but it was acquired honestly, not

filched from the hand of industrious poverty. His eloquence was never employed to clear the guilty, or oppress the innocent; and the widow and the fatherless were sure to find in him a protector: unlike many a mercenary wretch, whose standard of justice is the opulence of his client; and whose conduct, in this respect, often calls down unmerited censure on the profession at large. Anderson's conduct was ever guided by truth and integrity.

He had married a lady of equal merit, from a mutual attachment; and as this attachment was not founded on the dazzling charms of wealth and beauty, so it was sincere and lasting. The white hours of innocence fled on golden wings, and love was chastened by reason. Such was this happy pair, when Heaven, in Conrade, seemed

seemed to bestow on them the greatest earthly good. Fond infatuation! how blind are mortals to the decrees of futurity! and happy is it for mankind, that—

> "God has wisely hid from human sight
> The dark decrees of future fate!"

Every attention which parental fondness could dictate, was bestowed on the education of the young Conrade, who early exhibited evident traits of an amiable disposition and refined genius.

At an early age, he was sent to the university, where the urbanity of his manners, and the goodness of his heart, procured him the affection of his tutors, and the esteem of his companions. He passed through the customary forms of education with unrivalled applause, and returned to his parental roof, much improved in his

literary acquirements, refined in his manners, and uncorrupted in his morals.

As yet, Conrade had experienced one continued scene of prosperity; he was in full confidence with his parents; his easy fortune and liberal accomplishments, procured him universal respect; and the whole village were proud to own Conrade Anderson as an inhabitant. But suddenly the sky began to lower, and a deep cloud overcast the hemisphere of life.

> "The morn of life serenely rose,
> And blush'd with beams too bright to last,
> For soon a lurid cloud of woes
> The pleasing landscape overcast."

The brittle thread of life was broken, and the amiable Mrs. Anderson suddenly dropped into eternity. It was a scene which angels might have contemplated with

with pleasure, to see the virtuous die. The sweet consciousness of a life devoted to virtue, and the pleasing hope of a brighter immortality, disarmed the "grim messenger" of his terrors. Solemnly impressive, and interesting beyond description, was the scene. Around her couch were assembled a group, whose dejected countenances spoke, more feelingly than language, the sorrows that oppressed the heart. The husband of her affection stood in the bending attitude of affectionate solicitude, watching her languid features, her hand clasped affectionately in both of his. He pressed it to his lips—a tear fell on it. Precious drop! it flowed from the chrystal fount of sensibility! Conrade gazed in silent grief on her pallid countenance; and his beautifully expressive

 eyes

eyes shone with added lustre, through the tears that suffused them.

"Must we part, Elvira?" said his father, in a voice barely audible. A look of sorrow crossed her cheek for a moment—but it brightened again. She raised her eyes to Heaven, in sign of resignation—the smile of brighter worlds beamed on her tranquil brow—and she committed her spirit to the hands of her Creator.

> "As into air the purer spirits flow,
> And separate from their kindred dross below,
> So flew the soul to its congenial place."

Uninterruptedly peaceful had been the tenour of her existence. The mild and gentle virtues had smoothed her passage to immortal bliss; while unwavering confidence in that Being, who, in the impres-

sive

sive language of revelation, is stiled, "the Father of the spirits of all flesh," enabled her to go up out of the wilderness of this world "leaning on the beloved."

CHAP. II.

"For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?"
GRAY.

'TWAS past—the grave held the dear remains of the best of women.

"My son," said the worthy man, trying to smile through his tears, "we have committed to the silent mansion of death, the partner of all my felicity, and your maternal friend: yet we shall meet her again—we

we shall meet her in the paradise above. Let us not give ourselves up to despair, but accept the chastisement of a Father, "who chasteneth in mercy." Trust in God, my Conrade—he will support, he will protect you. Philosophy administers but poor opiates in such calamities: it is to the hand that we must look for consolation. Retire, my son; give thy heart to the Almighty; seek his protection: you will find it the more necessary, as you must shortly be an orphan. I would not wish to deceive you with buoyant expectations of happiness. I feel that I shall soon, very soon, be permitted to join my Elvira in the realms of bliss. Nay, do not weep, Conrade—I shall not leave you friendless; but if it should please Heaven to take me soon to the bosom of my God, let not the joys of that happy removal be clouded

with the thought, that you, my son, would too severely grieve for the loss of an earthly parent. So long, my dear Conrade, as your Heavenly Parent vouchsafes you his protection (and he will never desert you), you need not mourn, though I am laid low in the tomb."

"O, my father!" said Conrade, "far distant be that unhappy period."

"I know, my child, that the period is near; I feel a presentiment that my stay on earth is short. The Father of Mercies will not permit me to be long separated from my Elvira. Yet, O my child, what conflicting emotions swell the heart of a parent! For you I would live—for myself I would die: yet the tie that binds me to earth *must* be dissolved. Promise me then, Conrade, that for me you will not mourn without measure. I know that the event will

will distress you, otherwise your heart must be cold and ungrateful. I would not wish you to be *insensible*, for there is a secret balm accompanying the spear that wounds the soul of sensibility; and even the pangs which misfortune inflicts on the feeling heart, are blended with a delicate enjoyment, superior to all the apathist can experience in the height of unfeeling prosperity."

Conrade kissed the hand of his father, and bathed it with his tears.

"Nay, Conrade," resumed the old gentleman, "these tears distress me: dry them, I beseech you, and promise to shed no more."

"Ah, my father!" said Conrade, "I cannot *promise*, I can only *hope*."

"Retire then," said his father, "and seal that hope with a prayer to Heaven. My

 presence

presence cannot now console you: go then, and seek consolation from Him who is mighty to save."

Conrade obeyed. His chamber overlooked a beautiful arm of the Charles River. The pale moon had arisen, and seemed to shed a melancholy ray over the face of the creation. The trees assumed a deeper green, and appeared to sigh responsive to the breath of the zephyr, while the faint rays of the queen of night gleamed on the waters, and depicted innumerable orbs upon its surface. The waves dashed mournfully against the shore; and except their melancholy murmur, and the plaintive notes of the bird of the eve, that echoed along the banks of the river, all was silent, and Nature slept in the bosom of evening.

Conrade leaned from his casement, and indulged such reflections as the pensive

mildness

mildness of the scene inspired. It was late ere he retired to rest; and sleep had hardly stolen over his senses, when he was awakened by a loud knocking at his chamber door. He arose hastily, and enquired why he was interrupted? The servant who appeared could only articulate—"My master—your father!"

Conrade hurried to his father, and found him deprived of all sensation.

He had been several times attacked with an apoplectic complaint; and the return of the disorder, at this period, may be attributed to the state of his spirits.

His physician soon arrived; but to Conrade's enquiries he replied nothing, or gave equivocal answers. Medical applications restored him, in some measure, to sense and feeling; but "the streams of life flowed

fast;"

fast;" and Conrade saw too plainly, that he *must* soon be an orphan.

At this juncture, arrived a brother-in-law, whose presence seemed to cheer the dying Anderson. He was now composed, and perfectly sensible. He spoke much to Conrade, though he spoke with difficulty, of the "*Death of the Just*," and the prospect of immortality.

"Never, my son," said he, "give up the hope of living for ever. It is this alone will make our separation easy: and deprived of this cheering, soothing hope, I should quit you in despair; but we are not long to be separated, for the longest period of life is short. How happy then is he, who, by familiarizing his mind with death, has disarmed "the king of terrors" of his dart, and can exclaim, with Addison,

Addison, in his dying hour—"See, in what peace a Christian can die!"

He turned to his brother.

"Oh, Herbert," said he, "my Conrade!" His emotion suspended his voice.

"All, my dear Anderson," said the kind-hearted Herbert, taking Conrade's hand, "all that you can require will I fulfil—henceforth, Conrade is my child."

"Come then, my child," resumed Anderson, in a voice tremulous and faint, "let me press you once more to my heart. I commit you to God and your uncle. Elvira's spirit hovers over me, and seems to chide my delay. Herbert, farewell—my darling child, adieu! I come, Elvira—receive me, Heaven, and protect my——"

The last word faltered on his tongue—he could add no more; a gentle sigh emancipated his spirit—it fled to its Creator.

The grief which Conrade, in consideration of his father's peace, had attempted to conceal, became now too poignant to be suppressed. His eyes were alternately raised to Heaven in supplication, and reverted to the lifeless form, which was once animated with a feeling soul. Herbert possessed more fortitude, if not less feeling. He was not insensible of the loss he had sustained, for humanity lost in Anderson a friend.

Every argument that reason and religion could suggest, Herbert employed to meliorate the grief of Conrade; but he was deaf to consolation. So lately basking in the sunshine of happiness; so suddenly bereft of father and mother, and plunged in the abyss of woe; it was indeed a contrast which must sensibly affect the heart that ever has known what it is to *feel.*

Conrade

Conrade was all sensibility. In childhood, he had often wept at the sufferings of a fly, which his less susceptible playmates tortured for sport. Often had his little hand imparted relief to the necessitous, from the purse with which an indulgent father entrusted him, for the purchase of toys and books. These delicate sensibilities were refined by education; and he was still "tremblingly alive" to exquisite feeling. His pillow was bedewed with tears; but sleep, at length, that sweet restorer of wearied nature, locked up his griefs in the cabinet of forgetfulness; and the morning found him calm, but it was the calmness that sometimes succeeds the violence of grief,

> "———Like silent death,
> After the tumult and the noise of life."

There

There was still one painful trial for his fortitude. All that was mortal of his father, was to be committed to the house appointed for all the living. Numerous were the weeping friends who assembled to pay the last sad duties we owe to each other. The clergyman, who officiated on this occasion, spoke from his heart; and when he attempted to address the orphan mourner, his emotion for awhile suspended his voice. The ardour of devotion overcame his emotions. He spoke of the virtues of the deceased, and recommended them, with solemn earnestness, for the imitation of the afflicted orphan.

"We are assembled," said he, "not to pronounce the panegyric of a hero, or to celebrate the exploits of a conqueror, but to pay the last tribute to the memory of a *man*—a man who was an honour to humanity;

nity; whose whole life, we may presume to say, was never stained with a criminal action. When did suffering innocence plead to him in vain?—when did he advocate the cause of the oppressor?—Mankind were his brothers, and the God of heaven his father—a father whom he feared to offend. The tears of gratitude will be shed upon his tomb, the "widow and the fatherless" will mourn the loss of a protector!—God had endowed him with eminent abilities; and he was a most resistless advocate of the cause of virtue. His example caught the eye of the profligate, and he paused in the midst of his vain amusements, and wished from his heart that he was like Anderson. His mildness robbed even calumny of her weapon; he lived universally esteemed, and died universally lamented. O, my young friend, live

live as he lived, that you may die as he died. Mourn not that you have for ever lost a parent and a friend; we know your loss is irreparable; we feel for you; we sympathize with you; we are all mourners; yet we know that God has consolation for the mourner. Look to him, my young friend—look to him for consolation: You are separated but for a season. We hope and trust, that he, whose death we mourn, is translated to the abodes of celestial beatitude. May we all live in habitual readiness to follow him. Be virtuous then, and the clouds, which now envelope the hemisphere, will soon break away;—the morning of felicity will soon dawn in bright resplendence!"

Conrade leaned on his uncle for support, as he followed the remains of his parent to their silent habitation. He was interred in

the

the family vault, where had been so recently deposited the partner of his joys. Conrade could not descend into the vault; he cast a last farewell look on the coffin—"O, my God!" exclaimed he, and hid his face in his handkerchief.

There is a period, when sorrow, however violent, will listen to reason. Herbert's affectionate attentions were not ineffectual; and the grief of Conrade gradually mellowed into that pensive resignation and pleasing melancholy, which one half of the world deride, and the other half cannot comprehend.

Conrade had imbibed a most ardent friendship for a youth who had been his class-mate at the university; and the attentions he now experienced from his friend, served to heighten this "noblest passion of the human breast."

Edward

Edward possessed extraordinary talents, and his manners were extremely fascinating; but unfortunately his heart delighted in the ruin of innocence. At an early age he had been deprived of both his parents, and had fallen into the hands of tutors, who made the culture of the heart no part of the system of education. At the university he became acquainted with Conrade, and attempted to make him a proselyte to his libertinism; but finding him firm in virtue, he felt his own inferiority, and resolved to omit nothing in his power, to reduce Conrade to a level with himself. Observing his susceptible and unsuspecting temper, he was not without hope that he would in time listen to the syren song of temptation. Under the mask of friendship he determined to sap the fortress of his virtue. He cultivated an intimate acquaintance

quaintance with his intended victim; humoured his taste, flattered his little native prejudices, and, in fine, so ingratiated himself in his affection, that Conrade became his most inviolable friend. Self-interest too was a predominant passion in Edward's heart. Though his estate was competent to all the necessities of life, it was far from being adequate to his ambition. Too negligent to improve his fortune by the ordinary methods, he was continually projecting schemes of knavery. He knew that Anderson's fortune would be large, and secretly hoped that he should find some method to draw the unguarded youth into the snare he had so artfully constructed. Such was Edward Somerton, in appearance Conrade's bosom friend, but in reality his most inveterate enemy.

Herbert, in the mean time, became the guardian

guardian of Conrade, and proposed to his nephew, to accompany him to his residence at M——. Conrade could find no reasonable pretext to oppose such a proposal, yet his heart lingered at the beloved shades of W——, and he reluctantly consented.

CHAP

CHAP. III.

The breathless whirlwinds slept in every cave,
And the soft moonbeams danc'd from wave to wave:
Each former bliss, in this bright mirror seen,
With all its glories dawn'd upon the scene,
Recall'd the dear, auspicious hours anew.

CAWTHORNE.

IT was with extreme regret Conrade left the place of his nativity, where he had passed so many halcyon days.—"Oh, my fond heart!" would he exclaim, "how hast thou been cheated with illusive visions of happiness!—Why did I fondly anticipate substantial happiness on earth?—Expe-

rience—fatal experience has taught me, that all that is earthly is transient as the gleam of a vapour!"

Deeply impressed with this sentiment, he wandered into the garden. His step was pensive and slow, melancholy pervaded his heart, dejection sat on his brow. The gardens, which he himself had assisted to cultivate, were planned with classic taste, and every object conspired to call to his mind the mournful events he had witnessed. Through the middle of the garden run a little canal, on whose banks he had often sported in all the hilarity of juvenile innocence; while a fond parent watched the playful gambols of his darling child with serene satisfaction, and traced with the eye of paternal partiality, the indication of the man, in his little darling Conrade.

It was evening,

"And

"And twilight grey,
"Had, in her sober livery, all things clad."

The moonbeams danced on the surface of the canal, which, as a broad mirror, reflected the thousand glittering orbs that decked the azure face of heaven.

"Sainted shade of my father!" exclaimed Conrade, "if thou dost still somewhere exist, (and certainly thou must) if thou art permitted to leave thy celestial habitation, and now hoverest over thy disconsolate Conrade, bear witness with what regret I leave this hallowed mansion. Thou silver moon that sheddest thy faint rays on yonder placid stream, ye twinkling orbs that gild the spacious canopy of heaven, be ye my witnesses, that wherever I am doomed to roam, "though cast an orphan on the world's wide stage," still memory

—too faithful memory, shall record these scenes of felicity:

> "Still must I cherish the dear, sad remembrance,
> "At once to torture and to please my soul."

Leander pursued the idea until he had arranged the following

SONNET.

Adieu, ye verdant groves, ye sylvan shades,
Adieu, ye flowers, that crown the silent glades,
Where fond paternal love, pure precepts taught,
With gen'rous sentiment this bosom fraught,
Where Science first her glowing charms display'd,
In lucid robes of spotless white array'd.
Bear witness, all ye verdant bowers,
Where gaily pass'd the halcyon days of youth,
Ere yet this bosom ever swerv'd from truth,
And friendship cheer'd the fleeting hours;
Bear witness, that a tear unheeded fell,
As I, reluctant, bade you all farewell;
And as the scene receded from my view,
I paus'd, I stopp'd, to take a *last adieu.*

He

He was interrupted by the sound of footsteps approaching; he turned;—"My Edward!" he could say no more, but flew to his embrace.

Their interview was all tenderness and friendship. Conrade hung on the arm of his friend.—"This was kind, my Edward; you knew my misfortunes; you pitied, and flew to offer the consolations of friendship."

Edward was engaging in his manners, and possessed, in an eminent degree, the power of attracting the attention. By leading Conrade from one subject to another, with indescribable facility, he soon dissipated the sombre cloud from his brow.

How unfortunate, that the graces and the virtues are so seldom united! If to

Edward's talents had been joined Conrade's heart, he might have shone a bright constellation in the literary and moral hemispheres.

Next morning Herbert prepared to return to M——; and Somerton cheerfully accepted an invitation to accompany him. They arrived, and were introduced by Herbert to his daughters, two amiable girls, the one nineteen, and the other seventeen. Edward and Conrade were charmed with the prospect, which was wild and picturesque. Conrade frequently reverted a look towards his own native vale, and remembered with a tear the sad occurrence which had torn him from his home.

Herbert welcomed his guests with the sincerity of honest friendship, while Harriet and Eliza assumed towards Conrade that gentle and attentive deportment, so happily

happily calculated to hush the remembrance of his griefs.

Mr. Herbert had committed to the tomb the most amiable of wives, and the best of mothers, ere his daughters were of an age to be sensible of the loss they had sustained. They had been carefully and tenderly educated; and their manners, though dissimilar, were equally pleasing. Harriet was mild, sedate, and thoughtful; Eliza was gay, artless, and unsuspecting.

Conrade found himself happy in their society; and Edward, to use his own language, began to think Eliza "a delicate little piece;" while she, unawares, looked with an eye of partiality on his accomplishments.

A few days rolled away very agreeably, and Edward returned to his residence in the metropolis; and with him vanished

Eliza's peace of mind. His appearance interested her in his behalf, and his conversation completed his victory over her heart. In every scene of amusement, she found there was something wanting; and her hours of reflection, which used to be occupied in a pleasing retrospect of the past, and in forming the most flattering ideas of the future, were now sadly reversed. She became pensive and sad; she knew not why; nor once dreamt that the cause of her uneasiness was love.

That sly, insinuating passion, had crept unperceived into her bosom, and embittered her every enjoyment.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Her faultless shape appear'd with every grace,
While beauty sat triumphant in her face.
Her hair, the palest brown, in ringlets flow'd,
And charms, beyond the reach of art, bestow'd;
Her forehead white as snow, her radiant eyes
The bright celestial blue that paints the skies;
Her aspect open, artless, and serene,
Reveal'd the spotless mind that dwelt within.

MRS. ROWE'S LETTERS.

GRADUALLY did Conrade resume, in some degree, his wonted cheerfulness; but the remembrance of his misfortunes still cast a shade of melancholy over his

mind; but it was a pleasing melancholy, such as the feeling heart never wishes to resign. He was an admirer of nature; and delighted in long and solitary rambles among the charming rural scenes with which the village abounded. In these rambles, his heart ascended to nature's God. When all was quiet around, when full-orbed Cynthia rose in mild resplendance, and myriads of worlds twinkled in the azure concave, then would his heart glow with enthusiasm, and the presence of Deity was felt. His heart looked up in confidence to the parent of universal nature, and his soul embraced the whole human race as his brothers.

Filled with this idea, Conrade thought not of the length of his walk; and following the course of a winding rivulet, he reached a beautiful grove, in front of a

mansion-

mansion-house, built in the style of a cottage. The trees were in full verdure, and the flowers, with which nature had embellished the scene, wafted the sweet perfumes of Arcadia; and through the midst of the grove the rivulet bent its course, and was lost in a bordering lake.

On a moss-covered mound of turf, on the bank of the stream, was seated a female form, fair as the fabled Venus of the grove. By the full gleam of Luna, objects could be distinctly seen. She was leaning her cheek on her hand, in a contemplative attitude; her light brown hair waved in graceful ringlets on her snowy neck; her complexion displayed the unrivalled whiteness of the lilly, tinctured with the deep blush of the rose.

The thickness of the foliage permitted him to approach her unperceived. He

 doubted,

doubted, at first, whether she was an inhabitant of the terrestrial soil, or some sylvan goddess of the grove. He approached silently, and heard her, with a voice exquisitely harmonious, repeat the following lines—

Bright Phœbus, kind, propitious god of day,
Descends behind yon western hills;
Still Ev'ning o'er the earth her mantle throws,
The varied landscape can no charms disclose,
Till Cynthia shed her silver ray
O'er flow'ry groves, and murmuring rills.

Adieu, the noise and bustle of the day,
Adieu to each terrestrial care;
Welcome, still Ev'ning, in thy pensive guise,
Welcome, ye starry orbs that grace the skies—
That deck the etherial space in bright array;
Ah! who would shun you, but despair?

See on the surface of the limpid stream,
The silver moonbeams gently play;

Cerulean rivulet, how calm, serene
Thy rippling current flows the rocks between;
Depicted stars on the blue surface gleam,
And shed around a lucid ray.

Thus, when soft zephyrs fan its gentle waves,
Serene it flows, and ev'ry flow'ret laves;
And thus soft Hope on my lorn bosom gleams,
Thus sooths my sorrows with her cheering beams.

Conrade stood fixed in astonishment. An unusual sensation played round his heart, for which he found it difficult to account. The village clock tolled eight; she rose, and bent her steps towards the cottage.

A stoic heart could not behold her with indifference, but Conrade was all sensibility, and his mind susceptible of soft impressions.

"What can this mean?" mused he, on his

his way home;—"why beats my heart with such unknown sensations?—Sure she was more than mortal.

> "Can any mortal, mixture of earth's mould,
> "Breathe such divine, enchanting harmony—
> "Sure something holy lodges in that breast.*"

He retired to rest, but the evening's adventure had "scared the phantom sleep;" and when from the chambers of the orient beamed the golden sun, he could not hail the morning with the same serene tranquil joy, which had hitherto animated his peaceful bosom.

A packet of letters arrived with the morning papers; Herbert broke the seal, and read as follows—

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* Milton's Comus.

"Philadel-

" *Philadelphia.*

" To the heart of sensibility it is unnecessary to observe, that the only remaining branch of my brother's family possesses a large share of my affection. It was the intention of my most excellent brother, to educate his son in the profession in which he acquired a reputation, which will endear his memory to posterity. He is gone for ever, and our duty, from the tomb which enshrines his ashes, reverts to the orphan committed to our charge.

" I doubt not your ability or inclination to guide him 'in the way he should go;' yet I presume I shall be pardoned for suggesting the propriety of the youth's immediately engaging in some business or study. His talents are brilliant, his heart open and generous, and his passions warm

and

and vigorous. To launch into life with no steady profession, would certainly be dangerous, and might prove fatal. Neither is it consistent with justice, that this plant of genius should wither in the shade.

"In a government like ours, where the first offices of the state are open to all who have talents and virtues to fill them with propriety, and *our rulers are chosen from among ourselves,* it becomes the duty of every parent and guardian, to train up our youth in the path of usefulness and honour. Should my nephew incline to the study of the law, it may be conducive to his interest, to acquire the customary initiation in this city, under the care of Mr. Granville, a gentleman of brilliant talents, and unexceptionable character.

"My sons, Edwin and George, are flattering themselves that Conrade will ac-

cept

cept the proposal; and I am confident my young friend will find attractions in Philadelphia sufficient to induce him to spend a few months with us, even if he should not accede to the other proposal. Edwin and George have written to Conrade on the subject. It is unnecessary to protract this letter to a greater length, than to add, that

" I am yours, &c.

H. ANDERSON."

Conrade heard this letter with emotion; the writer was the brother of the worthy man whose death we have recorded.

Conrade's grief for an irreparable loss had not arrived at that period, when the recollection brings along with it only a sigh or a tear; he was still unable to converse on the

the subject, with any degree of composure. This letter was calculated to call up afresh the memory of the best of parents; by turns he smiled in approbation, and sighed in sorrow. His cousins' letters were interesting, and he read them with peculiar pleasure.

There is an irresistible tie of consanguinity, which links the members of the same family together, though they may have little intercourse with each other. Conrade felt for his cousins) though he had never seen them) all the affection of a brother.—"Had we claimed a common parent," said he, "I could not have loved them more."

"This letter," said Herbert, still holding it in his hand, "speaks exactly my feelings. I have already had similar ideas. I know, Conrade, you will regret to leave

us,

us, but your own good sense will point out the impossibility of our living always together. Let us hear your opinion; do you approve the plan?"

"I shall yield to your determination," said Conrade. "You, my dear Sir, I consider as my guardian and guide."

A servant announced the arrival of Somerton, to whom Conrade immediately imparted the proposal. Edward was disappointed: he dreaded the effect of an acquaintance with the world, on the unsuspecting temper of Conrade.

When it was at length decided that Conrade should accept the proposal, his regret was visible; but the generous Conrade attributed it to a far different motive, believing that it arose from the idea that they must be separated for a season; and thanked heaven, that while he lamented the fatal

catas-

-trophe, which had made him an orphan, there was still one whom he could address with the endearing appellation of *friend;* a name that expresses more than can be comprehended by vulgar minds.

If the art of laughing at disappointment is philosophy, Edward was a profound philosopher. He suffered nothing to interrupt the volatility of his spirits; and when one deep laid plot was overturned, he laboured to construct others, more intricate in their natures, and less liable to interruption. He was, as usual, polite, affable, and attentive to all; but to Eliza he was particularly attentive; while the artless girl, secretly satisfied with this flattering attention, resumed her native gaiety; and there was not a sad heart among them.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

They lov'd—but such their guileless passion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence, and undissembled truth;
'Twas friendship, heighten'd by the mutual wish,
Th'enchanting hope, the sympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye.

THOMSON.

HARRIET proposed to the little party to make a visit at Mr. Stanhope's. The proposal was cheerfully accepted; but what were Conrade's sensations, when, in the lovely Amelia Stanhope, he recognized the same unknown fair, whose unexpected

pected appearance had filled his mind with such new and strange emotions!

She received the little party with that easy dignity, and native simplicity of manners, which never fail to attract the attention of people of discernment. If Anderson was captivated with her merely personal accomplishments, he was now doubly charmed with the beauties of her mind, the elegance of her manners, and the sublimity of her sentiments. He had now an opportunity to examine attentively the lineaments of her countenance. There was an expression in it, of the mild and interesting nature, that impressed on the mind of the beholder a belief, that a soul dwelt within.

Among the peculiarities of Conrade, in defence of which he daily brought forward his whole store of rhetoric, was a predilec-

tion for physiognomy.—" That that man carries the traits of his immortal part in his countenance," he would say, " is evident to every attentive observer. It is the impress of Deity, and the traits of intelligence, which we discern in the lineaments of the features, and expression of the eye, may be emphatically styled the 'image of God."

With such an opinion, he could not fail to be delighted with Miss Stanhope. Hers was just such a countenance as Lavater would have delighted to contemplate. His was no less interesting. There was an expression of pensiveness in it, which suppressed somewhat of its animation, but rendered it not less pleasing. Intelligence beamed in every glance of his expressive eyes. But when Amelia spoke, all other beauties were eclipsed in the delicacy

of

of her sentiments, and the purity of her language.

It is pleasing to observe the similarity of taste and feeling, which will insensibly attract people together. Conrade knew not what it was to love; but his young heart began to suspect that he now felt something extremely like it. Not a word that fell from Amelia was lost by him; and she as eagerly noticed the observations of Conrade. In vain did Conrade attempt to attend to some other object; he was attracted by a powerful charm, and his eyes reverted to Amelia. Absence did not entirely separate them. Her image was deeply engraven on his heart, and even in his dreams she was not absent.

The next morning found him thoughtful. — "Amelia, Amelia!" mused he; "what an air!—what a shape!—are our

natures

natures then so extremely susceptible?—could I be captivated in a moment?—this must be love—or what can it be?"

When the family assembled at breakfast, his thoughtfulness and absence of mind, rendered him the general object of raillery.

"What, my boy," said Herbert, "have you left your heart at Mr. Stanhope's?"

"See how he blushes!" exclaimed Edward.

Conrade's confusion encreased.

"In my youth," resumed Herbert, "blushes were considered an indication of guilt. What do they signify in the modern vocabulary, Harriet?"

"Modesty," was the reply.

"And sometimes love," rejoined Somerton.

"Love, at first sight, my nephew!" re-

 sumed

sumed Herbert; "well, seriously, Conrade, I wish it were so. Amelia is a fine girl, and worthy to possess the heart of a man of honour, and make him happy."

Conrade felt happy, when the arrival of the morning papers changed the conversation. As soon as Conrade was alone with Edward, he imparted the impressions his "pretty fair one" had made on his mind.

"That's your sort!" exclaimed Edward; "but why do you hesitate to address your fair dulcinea?—you will not find her virtue inflexible."

Conrade started; an involuntary blush overspread his countenance. Edward alone, could have made such an observation without exciting his resentment.

"Edward," said he, coolly, "you mistake my views; Amelia will find in me a lover, as constant, tender, and as chaste a

ever was depicted in romance." No punishment would be severe enough for the wretch who would tarnish her honour."

"Would you marry her, then?"

"I am yet much too young to think of a matrimonial connexion; but I should think myself superlatively happy with such a wife."

"When you know more of the world, Conrade, you will find you *can do without a wife*. A mistress will answer all the purposes of a man of fashion; and when you discover that interest is the governing principle among mankind, when you find them all false and hypocritical——"

"Shall I find all this?" interrupted Conrade; "then may I never know the world."

Edward found he had gone too far.—"And did you really believe me in earnest, Conrade?—No, my friend, go on in

the path of virtue. Pardon your Edward, for this trial of your sentiments."

Conrade clasped his hand with his usual warmth—"This," said he; "restores all again; but, Edward, beware of trying my sentiments too often."

Edward began now to despair of overturning his virtue. The sentiments of honour and propriety were engraven too deeply in his heart, to be quickly eradicated; and this false, insinuating friend, thought it prudent, for the present, to abandon the pursuit.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

> Who can behold such beauty and be silent?
> Oh, I could talk of thee for ever!
> For ever fix and gaze on those dear eyes,
> For every glance they send, darts through my soul.
>
> OTWAY

UNKNOWN to each other, the grove became the favourite retreat, both of Conrade and Amelia.

Perhaps the distinguishing characteristic of a true passion, is diffidence. Conrade wished, yet dreaded to meet the idol of his heart. Often he was on the point of

visiting her, yet as often a sort of bashful timidity restrained him. He had read the passion of love, pourtrayed by the pen of the poet and the novelist; and descriptions he had considered as the offspring of a luxurious fancy, he now found could be realized by the heart.

"Could I have thought," mused he, "that this heart would have been so readily enslaved! I have seen the fashionable females of the day—I have seen those who were admired for their beauty—but I could gaze on them without this fluttering emotion. Oh, love, mysterious love, what art thou! by what mighty magic dost thou work such astonishing effects!"

He was interrupted by the sweet notes of a guitar; he turned and beheld Amelia. She was seated on a little tuft at the foot of an aged elm; her music-book lay open before

before her; and while her fingers swept the strings, Conrade almost fancied himself in some enchanted land. She played a little, wild, irregular air, and accompanied it with a voice inexpressibly soft and melodious. Conrade listened with extreme emotion to the following stanzas.

FANCY.

The dappled morning rose serene,
Aurora blush'd in orient skies,
When Fancy, nymph of angel mein,
Lightly tripp'd the flowery green,
And at my casement call'd, "Arise, arise!

"Rise, and hail the rosy dawn;
Hark, the muses bid thee rise;
Rise, and tread the dewy lawn,
Morning gilds the orient skies."

Obedient to the heavenly maid,
Mysterious visions fly;
Then thro' fancy's fairy grove,
Where the dryads love to rove,
With careless ease I stray'd,
And snatch'd a transient joy,
And gazing on the rippling stream,
Still indulg'd the waking dream.

Then the nymph her fairy flowers
Strew'd around the verdant bowers;
O'er the gay scene, her magic wand she threw,
And fair Arcadian landscapes rose to view.

Now the shepherd youths were seen,
Leading their flocks to pastures green,
While the wood nymphs tripp'd along
In gay responsive dance;
And as the "rosy hours advance,"
Oft they touch'd the trembling lyre,
Oft they wak'd the muse's fire,
And join'd the woodland warbler's song.

Soon the child of fond delusion,
Chang'd the fairy scene,
And with aspect all confusion,

Flung

Flung her flow'ry garland by;
A tear gemm'd in her azure eye,
And pensive was her mein.

Amaz'd, I view'd a weeping maid,
Her brow with willows twin'd,
Beneath a cypress shade,
In pensive mo d r clin'd,
Sighing her woes to every passing wind.

"Oh, why," he cried, "was Ellen doom'd
To mourn Alonzo dead!
Beneath this shade he lies entomb'd,
beneath this turf rests my Alonzo's head,
Alonzo s gone, and hope from Ellen fled."

My bosom heav'd responsive sighs,
I pitied Ellen's woe,
And tears began to flow;
When turning round in sweet surprise,
Such beauteous prospects rise,
I soon forgot the tear I shed,
Forgot the pensive Ellen's care,
Forgot Alonzo dead,
A nation s bliss to share.

And now no more the rural theme,
The pastoral sonnet, and the sylvan dream,
Possess the power to please;

No more I court the rural shade,
No longer wander in the silent glade,
To inhale the western breeze.

But Fancy wafts me o'er the plains,
Where the mountain goddess reigns;
Where Freedom's vot'ries round her altar throng,
And raise to Liberty the votive song.

But, oh, what grief-worn groups appear!
E'en on Columbia's plains;
Hear it, Virginia! Carolina, hear!
Perhaps some prince of Afric's fertile plain,
Now drags the oppressor's chain.

"Blush, blush, Columbia! and no more
Permit a *slave* to dwell on Freedom's hallow'd shore:"
Thus Fancy spoke, then chang'd the scene again,
And shew'd the reeling bark, toss'd on the angry main.

Now a dark cloud the skies deform;
Now tremendous roars the storm;
And Fancy whispers—"Fear Lorenzo's doom,
Perhaps Lorenzo finds a watery tomb."
She spoke, the vessel sunk beneath the wave,
Lorenzo, Fancy, Hope, all found a watery grave.

Conrade's sensibility was exquisite; a romantic enthusiasm was rising within him. In the true spirit of adventure, he responded to the sweet musician, with—

> "Hark, what distant music melts upon the ear!
> So sweet the strains, the symphonies so clear,
> Some seraph sure, has touch'd his golden lyre."

Amelia started: nothing could equal her astonishment when she beheld Conrade. Her confusion would scarcely permit her to listen to one word of his apology for intruding on her retirement.

"May I ask," said Conrade, hesitatingly, "who is the author of the ode you have so admirably performed?"

"Indeed, Sir," answered Amelia, "the lines are the production of an author, to

whom it may naturally be supposed I should be partial. They are the fugitive effusions of a mind, perhaps, rather too much under the dominion of imagination; but had I been apprised of my auditor, I might probably have entertained him with a more popular performance."

Conrade again entreated her pardon for his intrusion, assuring her it was merely accidental.

"Why," replied she, pleasantly, "since you appear not to have had any design to rob our orchard, or injure our pleasure-grounds, I presume you may be pardoned."

Encouraged by her pleasantry, Conrade begged permission to conduct her home. She was not prude enough to deny so innocent a gratification, and Conrade blessed the opportunity that brought them together. Yet so diffident is true love, he could

could not assume sufficient courage to speak of his attachment. When they separated, he entreated permission to wait on her at her father's. With a smile of condescending sweetness, she assured him her parents would esteem themselves honoured with his attention.

When Conrade retired, a thousand tormenting ideas floated on his mind. He could think of nothing but Amelia, and the Lorenzo of her poem. Almost would he have consented to have been in the situation where she placed her Lorenzo, to have been, like him, remembered by Amelia. More than once did he reproach himself for omitting so favourable an opportunity to disclose his love.

The night rolled away heavily, and he was a stranger to sleep. Next day, availing himself of the permission of Amelia, he

he waited on her parents for their permission to address the daughter. Already had a mutual interchange of heart taken place; the tender union only waited to be confirmed by the lips.

This mutual attachment received the approbation of her parents; and the youthful lovers, in the presence of Omniscience, vowed eternal constancy. The joyous moments now flitted on golden pinions; the sun of prosperity arose in bright resplendence, and shed the prolific rays of expected happiness over the gay landscape of futurity.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Thus when enwrapt in Howard's guise,
To mortals lent from yonder skies,
And borne on Mercy's wing,
The depth of human woe is sought,
With lenient balm assuaging fraught,
Returning light to bring.

MRS. MURRAY.

IN the character of Conrade, active benevolence was a distinguishing trait, and many of the cottagers had reason to regret his departure. He walked out with his cousins, to bid a long adieu to the village.

"Can there be any thing, my Harriet," said

said he, "that can afford such exquisite rapture to the heart, as the blest employment of *doing good?* For my part, I have ever wondered how those beings can be called happy, whose hearts are void of sympathy for the distressed."

"Yet what avails sympathy," said Eliza, "where active generosity is wanting? Let us call those the truly benevolent, who cheer the lonely hut of poverty, and drive pale sorrow from the mansion of the oppressed."

"You say right, my Eliza: as well may our hearts be under the icy dominion of apathy, if we commiserate the woes of others only with a sigh or a tear. Let us, my dear girls, to whom a propitious Providence has entrusted a considerable portion of his common bounty for the good of man; let us be the faithful stewards of

our

our Master. The great Howard 'went about doing good—'

> From realm to realm, with cross or crescent crown'd,
> Where'er mankind in misery are found,
> Thro' burning wastes, deep wilds, and fields of snow,
> Thy Howard, journeying, seeks the house of woe *.

"What a fine sentiment is contained in these lines!

> From realm to realm, with cross or crescent crown'd.

"Not distinguishing a particular nation, sect, or party, when man is distressed, it becomes our duty to relieve him, as a brother of the same common family, a child of the *same common Parent*, though he range under the banner of the Cross, or revere a Deity in the laws of the Koran, or wander in the devious mazes of infidelity. Let us resemble our Heavenly Father,

* Darwin.

ther, who 'sends his rain on the just and the unjust.'"

As he finished speaking, they came in view of a small but neat cottage.

"There," said Eliza, "dwells one who has missed that—

> ——t'e in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

"Here the benevolent Howard's heart would expand with generous feeling."

"Then," resumed Conrade, "the *disciples* of Howard may here find employment— let us enter."

Conrade was surprised at the order and neatness everywhere apparent. An elderly lady, whose countenance expressed a degree of refinement, considerably superior to the generality of people of that condition in life, sat busily employed with her needle;

dle; a little girl stood beside her, apparently about four years old, and extremely beautiful. An old gentleman was reading; and Conrade was astonished to observe several polite authors on a table, among which was an edition of Shakespeare.

The young ladies introduced their cousin, and they were received with a degree of politeness; which shewed that the cottagers had been familiar with the etiquette of fashion.

After a few moments' general conversation, Harriet and Eliza retired with the old lady; and the old gentleman entered into conversation with Conrade, and exhibited a mind naturally great, but rather disordered. His acquaintance with polite literature was familiar; his sentiments were correct, his portraits glowing, and when he

he spoke of misfortune, he spoke from *feeling*.

"Alas! young man," said he, "capricious are all fortune's favours; and he who now lolls in his chariot, may soon be reduced to beggary and want.—While these hands," continued he, "were able to procure a scanty livelihood, I was not dependent on benevolence for support; but grief and sickness have reduced me to my present situation."

Conrade felt extremely interested.

"Your manner, Sir," said he, "is indicative of a mind superior to your station: I presume you have seen better days. Could my bosom be trusted as the repository of your griefs, nothing in my power shall be omitted to relieve them."

"Youth," replied he, "such observa-

tions

tions are not frequent: amid the thoughtless gaiety of wealth, few, very few, are disposed to listen to my '*woe-fraught tale.*' I tell it often to the wild brook; but it steals silently on, regardless of my plaint: I tell it to the torrent; but, like *unfeeling man*, it roars incessantly, and will not listen to my story. The echoing hills responsive sigh, and the gentle zephyrs whisper my tale to the trees they fan. And can you, young stranger, leave the scenes of felicity which every where surround you, to listen to an old man's history, whose whitened locks and pallid visage denote a life fraught with misfortunes? If so, your heart is differently moulded from the fashionable throng, who flutter in the giddy vortex of dissipation and folly."

Conrade was affected.

" If the recital of your griefs be not too painful,

painful, I entreat you, Sir, to repose them in confidence in my bosom—perhaps I have the power to assuage, if not to heal."

"Heal! no, 'tis impossible! Can you bring back lost innocence, resuscitate the dead, or render that spotless which is contaminated with the foul touch of seduction? If not, my wounds can never heal."

Perceiving Conrade's emotion, he continued—"I distress you, Sir—pardon me. You weep, youth—I too have wept at sorrows, by adoption mine. These hands have sustained the suffering—have succoured the distressed—Mighty God! where is thy justice now? But—" pausing, "the Deity is just, however unsearchable his ways."

The ladies now returned, and put an end to the conversation.

To

To conceal his emotion, Conrade attempted to play with the little girl, admiring her beauty. The old lady sighed, and a tear fell from her eye Conrade contrived to slip his purse into the little Theodora's hand, and they took their leave.

At parting, the old gentleman squeezed Conrade's hand, and whispered—"Since you have expressed a desire to know my fate, if you will spare an hour from happier employments to-morrow, your curiosity shall be gratified."

Conrade gained what information he could of his cousins with respect to old Williamson, and learned that he had been hired by his uncle, a few years since, as a gardener.

"He has been industrious," said Harriet, "but extremely unfortunate. His health

health has been on the decline, and for some time past he has been unable to work."

"He appears to have received an education," said Conrade, "much superior to his present station. I should suppose he was born in affluence. Harriet, we must make him happy."

Conrade now felt himself as happy as he could wish; and with such blissful prospects before him, who could be otherwise than happy? His bosom glowed with philanthropy, his heart was open and generous, and an indulgent Providence seemed to delight in bestowing on him all that it was possible for man to enjoy. There was but one painful sensation intruded on his mind; the thought of leaving a society where he felt himself so perfectly happy. But when he considered, that he was acting in con-

formity

formity with reason, and the advice of those whom he considered as qualified to direct him ; when he reflected how soon the time would flit away ; and, above all, when he reflected that he was *too young* to enter into a matrimonial connexion with Amelia, his regrets vanished ; and as the day approached, when he was to leave, for a season, the peaceful plains of M——, he hailed its approach with a serene and quiet mind.

In the society of Amelia, he was happy, in the most unlimited sense of the term. They were both tolerable proficients in music, drawing, and poetry ; and every interview disclosed more fully the similarity of their tastes and pursuits.

Amelia had sketched a portraiture of Thomson's Lavinia, gleaning in the fields

of Palemon.* It was executed with taste, and displayed a considerable share of genius. Conrade drew a portrait of M'Kenzie's Sir Edward, taking leave of Louisa. A mutual exchange took place, and they promised to preserve them as mementos of
er.—' This moment I leave you, Louisa—I go to be wretched—you may be happy.' The passage could not be oblite-rated from Conrade's mind. The book lay in the window: Conrade opened to his favourite scene, and read with emotion—' This,' said he, ' if Louisa will accept it, may sometimes serve to put her in mind of him who once offended, but shall never cease to adore her.'

" Will my Amelia too accept a portrait of her Conrade," and he drew a miniature

* See Seasons.

from

from his pocket-book. "This may put my Amelia in mind of him, who hopes he never shall offend, and certainly shall never cease to adore her."

"Yes, Conrade," said Amelia, "as coming from you, it will be valuable. When I gaze on it, I trust I shall never forget my plighted faith to its original."

CHAP. VIII.

Deep channels sunk around his eyes,
While from their balls distracted glare,
Looks forth the meagre fiend Despair.
Alas! for many a tedious year,
His only solace was a tear;
But now, by time, that source is dried,
And that last solace is denied.
Methinks, thro' some small grate afar,
He nightly woos the polar star,
That ever settled as his woes,
Is all the sympathy he knows.

MERRY.

CONRADE formed a variety of conjectures, as to the story of old Williamson, which occupied his mind till the appointed hour.

hour. With a hasty step he traced the path he had trodden. A spreading elm extended its branches, and formed a shade in the cottage yard. Here Williamson was seated; his little grandchild was playing by his side, ornamenting her head with wreaths of natural flowers.

"Are you then faithful to your appointment?" said he;—"is it sympathy, is it compassion that prompts your attention? —Mark me; I ask not your sympathy, I court not your compassion. These sentiments are rarely inmates in the *rich man's* breast. Yet, methinks there is something in your countenance, that bespeaks a mind the soft residence of every generous feeling. Am I mistaken—or do I behold before me an *uncommon character?*—uncommon, I say, for riches and insolence are commonly united."

 Conrade

Conrade seated himself by his side, and took his hand affectionately.

" This is my parlour," resumed Williamson ; " I sit here for hours, when I am able to leave the house ; and this instrument (taking up a violin that lay by his side) is my companion. See, youth, if it will not speak my sorrows."

He touched the instrument with a delicate hand. After one or two melancholy airs, he accompanied it with a voice, softly melodious, and musically majestic.

Conrade listened ; and his memory retained the following

STANZAS.

Black night o'er the concave is spread,
Hoarse winds thro' the forest trees roar,
Far echoes the sound of my tread,
And the sea rolls its surf on the shore.

Hail,

Hail, scene of terrific dismay!
  Thy horrors compare with my own,
As, fill'd with deep anguish, I stray,
  As bursts from my bosom the groan.

I once knew the pleasures of peace,
  And innocence dwelt in my heart,
Fair friendship gave rapture to ease,
  And love could its transport impart.

What ecstacy dwelt in my soul,
  When my Julia, with happiness, smil'd;
What joys thro' my bosom oft stole,
  When her tear soft compassion beguil'd.

But, hark! on the crags of the rock,
  Swift destruction, what shatter'd ship seeks?
How its timbers are torn with the shock!
  How the agoniz'd passengers shrieks!

Compar'd with my anguish, how faint
  Are the horrors that fill him with care;
His *fancy* destruction may paint,
  But he knows not the *woe of despair*.

What waves on the vessel are driven!
  How the surf throws its foam on the deck!

What thunders roll dreadful thro' heaven!
What light'nings illumine the wreck!

But soft—see, the storm dies away,
The beams of the morning appear;
Hope to him may a *promise* display,
But *my bosom she never can cheer.*

" There, my young friend," said he, " will it not speak my sorrows?—it is all the friend I have left."

" Not *all* the friend," interrupted Conrade; " in your presence is a friend to all mankind, who feels, in a particular manner, for one who has been unfortunate. The child of sorrow is my brother, and shall be supported with a brother's fondness."

" It is to be wished, young man," rejoined Williamson, " that you may never exchange

exchange these sentiments. But the world is full of snares, and 'friendship is a jewel we seldom can meet.' I have been active on this motley theatre; I have experienced every passion, perhaps every emotion, of which the heart of man is capable. I have known prosperity, and scenes of pleasure danced before my eyes; my fancy was cheated with the expectation of happiness; I wooed the phantom felicity, and when she appeared within my reach, she has still eluded my eager arms. I grasped the lovely vision;—it fled—fled for ever!—and left me to exclaim with the* poet—

* Swift is the flight of wealth, unnumber'd wants,
Brood of voluptuousness, cry out aloud,
Necessity.

"I too have known adversity; I have seen the face of apathy frown indign-

at my distresses, and the swarms of sycophants, who once thronged at my board, fled with my fortune.—But I trifle with your time, Sir. Pardon me, I am a miserable old man, and my head has grown quite giddy with misfortune."

There was something in his voice and manner extremely interesting. Conrade's heart was all sensibility. A tear rolled down his cheek; a fashionable son of levity would have sneered at his *weakness*, but Conrade had not yet learned to be ashamed of the finest feelings of nature.

Williamson continued—"I was born, Sir, in the town of ——, in the State of Pennsylvania, of wealthy and respectable parents, from whom I received an education suited to my station in life; and from them I imbibed all the pure sentiments of morality, united to the finest feelings

feelings of benevolence. My parents have long since sought the regions of happiness. They quitted this 'dirty planet' long ere affliction began to lower on their ill-fated child. Hope, that gay, delusive phantom, smiled deceitfully at my birth, and seemed to promise years of happiness, unmarked by any uncommon calamity. Alas! how was I cheated with ideal bliss!—The first misfortune of which my young heart was sensible, was the death of my parents, who exchanged the present life, for prospects of a glorious immortality, nearly together. I was then in my seventeenth year, and felt, most severely, an affliction so poignant. But the natural vivacity of my disposition soon dissipated my sorrows; and though the peace of my heart had suffered a severe wound, I permitted it soon to cicatrize again.

 "Till

"Till this era, my bosom had been the soft residence of every joyous emotion; but now a sable cloud overcast the horizon, and the future events of my life are traced by the sombre pencil of misery.

"My parents were natives of England; I was their only child; and, except a distant relation of my mother's, who, from a native churlishness of disposition, avoided all intercourse with our family, I could claim no kindred in America.

"Left destitute of friends, except such as my interest procured, without a guardian or protector, it would not have been an uncommon incident, had I given a loose to passion's fatal sway. I then viewed mankind through the telescope of fancy, and I really imagined the existence of love, of friendship, of humanity, in the human heart. Happy delusion! how many

are

are thy votaries now!—But, youth, '*tis delusion all!*'—Love—the syren love, with a 'sweetly soothing strain,' lures our approach to ruin; friendship degenerates into selfishness; and humanity—real humanity, is rarely to be found.—But to return to my narrative.

"My figure, Sir, was what the world has been pleased to call engaging; and, joined to an uncommon share of sensibility, and an adequate proportion of glittering ore, procured for me an herd of flatterers, called friends; among whom was one, whose real name I shall conceal, under that of Hortensius. He was a person of elegant exterior, and soon permanently engaged my affections. He introduced me to a set of dissolute companions, who delighted in the spoils of ruined innocence. With this abandoned set, I submitted to

a tedious

a tedious routine of what was called pleasure, till I found my health impaired, and my fortune considerably diminished.

"My heart had ever told me *I was wrong*; I examined it with candour, I found it was in error, and I could not be happy. I resolved to retrace the uneasy path I had trodden; but what a task!—Oh, youth, did you but know the pain attendant on a return to virtue, did you but know the painful struggles, between the fear of being laughed at, and the dictates of conscious honour, you would never—never stray from the path of rectitude.

"Such is the depravity of the world, that to appear respectable, one must sometimes affect to be more vicious than he really is; and if a youth has the courage to 'examine the ways of his heart,' to retract false opinions, or erroneous or vi-

cious practices, not one will assist him in the arduous employment; his companions ridicule his timidity, and the more sensible and virtuous few, are more disposed to doubt his sincerity, than to confirm his resolution.

"Such I found it; yet, with all these disadvantages, I gave my voice on the side of virtue. In the prime of youth, I listened to conscience, and found felicity in the sincere practice of virtue."

He paused.—"Perhaps, Sir, I tire your patience; I dwell on trivial circumstances; but you are young, you are just entering into life. Had these cautions been impressed on my mind, I had never deviated from the path of propriety.—Well, says the poet—

> Vice is a monster of such hateful mein,
> As to be hated, needs but to be seen.

"Con-

" Conscious of the truth of this remark, she assumes some specious disguise, and lures her victims to her treacherous embrace; and having cheated them awhile with false hopes of happiness, she throws off the mask that hid her natural deformity, and discloses a form more hideous than Hydra.

" My companions ridiculed my *reformation,* as they gravely termed it; but the serene satisfaction I experienced in the calm moments of reflection, outweighed the sarcasms of those who deserved my pity, rather than indignation. I consulted my inclination, to know what business I should follow. I felt a sort of partiality for merchandise; it was the occupation of my father; perhaps that determined my choice. My profits were considerable, and I was talked of as an accomplished young

young man, whose fortunes were established.

"I was what the world calls a happy man, when, at a public assembly, I met the too lovely Julia. Though faded are those beauties now, her form was then uncommonly attractive. Her beauty attracted my attention, but her virtues captivated my heart. To be short, Sir, we both loved. Our mutual attachment received the approbation of her parents, and we were shortly after married.

"I now fancied I had reached the summit of felicity. The morn of life rose serenely, and I flattered myself with an *eternal noon!* I had no idea that my fortune was exhaustible, and we livid in a style of elegance, exceeded by few. Our establishment was showy, and our house became the fashionable resort of the beau-monde.

monde. But we forgot not the distressed; we fostered the dying, we succoured the miserable. When I think of these things, and memory has too faithfully preserved them, the weakness of nature will arise. I have long been familiar with sorrow; yet the remembrance of former felicity still preys upon my mind.

"Go, youth; at present I cannot proceed. If my dull narration is sufficiently interesting to command another interview, I will finish the tedious story."

Conrade's heart was too full to attempt an alleviation of the sorrows that appeared to be harrowed up in the bosom of Williamson. He barely bade him adieu; but there was a look accompanying that adieu, which was as a ray of pleasure to the old man's soul. It was the aspect of generosity, softened by pity and concern.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

No [illegible] could bound [illegible] liberal mind,
H[illegible] was [illegible] part[illegible] kind.

MORE'S SENSIBILITY.

NEXT day, at dinner, Conrade joined a large company, which his benevolent uncle had collected, to render the short period of his stay among them as agreeable as possible. The conversation turned on politics. Conrade was no politician, yet he felt the fire of freedom in his heart. A republican government was his delight; and

and his heart venerated the heroic band, who dared, even within the reach of arbitrary power, to blow the trump of freedom throughout a subject continent.

Herbert was an old revolutionary soldier; and when he related the heroic struggles of his compatriots, to rear the standard of independence in this once subject country, Conrade dwelt with trembling eagerness on every word.

A gentleman present asked Conrade's opinion, which of the two popular parties in America he believed in the right?

He answered, resolutely—" Neither."

" Neither party?" interrogated half a dozen, at once.

" Are you then of neither party?" said his uncle.

" I am not without a principle, Sir," answered

swered Conrade; "I am persuaded that nothing on earth can supplant my attachment to liberty; yet I deprecate the influence of that dreadful spirit of party, which has already made such inroads in our once united republic. Both parties are striving for power, (not indiscriminately, however) and 'power,' says an elegant female writer, 'makes every man insolent.' Yet they are all my brethren. Let them be called aristocrats, democrats, or republicans, it shall be my glory to be called an American; or rather a citizen of the world, an inhabitant of the globe. We all sprang from the same common parent; we are all members of one common family."

"Then you would bring us all upon a level," rejoined a young lawyer of the company.

"All

"All men," says the excellent Constitution of Massachusetts, "are born free and equal."

"Then I am on a par with Jack, my coachman?"

"Jack is a *man;* you are but a man. Your inherent and unalienable rights are the same. You, we concede, have a greater proportion of property than Jack; nevertheless, you have no right to oppress him. His little property is his own; he is a free man; he is your servant, but not your slave."

"Then you deny the existence of a *privileged* class?"

"No, I do not; there are a class of men, who are privileged with the power to assist their fellow men. The rich are privileged with a fund to administer to the distresses

of

of their needy brethren. 'Man is man, and who is more?"

"Well, well, Conrade," said Herbert, smiling, "your boasted equanimity, I perceive, is liable to some interruption; but you had better drop the controversy, and we will introduce a subject on which we can all agree."

Conrade smiled assent, and they joined the ladies in the drawing-room.

In the midst of a numerous circle, Conrade soon fixed on his Amelia. Her heart was kindred to his own; when she spoke, she expressed *his* feelings, and he failed not to contrast her merit to advantage, with the inanity of most modern females, whose conversation was principally confined to the structure of caps and bonnets, and the fluctuations of fashion.

"How

"How happy," thought he, "could I be in the possession of such a woman!"

Every day now brought some new succession of pleasure. The return of summer had brought an unusual throng of fashionable company to M——, and Eliza found little time to be sad. Yet, though she struggled hard to conceal her sorrows, a sigh would involuntarily escape her bosom, and a tear would sometimes, in spite of every effort, moisten her cheek. She remonstrated with her heart, she reasoned with her feelings, and resolved, if possible, to conquer, and, at all times, to conceal them.

Conrade's departure now drew near, and as he wandered again to bid a last adieu to the grove where he had first met his Amelia, his mind assumed that sweet pensive-

ness

ness, which beggars description, which those whose bosoms have "learned to glow" with correspondent emotions, will readily understand, without a description, and those who have *never felt*, would ridicule, as enthusiasm and romance. On one of those excursions, he engraved on the rind of a tree, the following

STANZAS.

Oh! say, my Amelia, the pride of the plain,
  Whose smile can the joys of Elysium impart,
As through this dear grotto you pensively rove,
  Will Conrade possess but one thought of your heart?

When the bright orb of light sheds his last purple ray,
  And the shadows of twilight steal over the grove,
When nature's musician is heard on the spray,
  And Amelia delights in the grotto to rove—

Oh, would she but think on the once happy swain,
Who loves, who adores, and yet fears to confess;
Who feels the soft passion, yet courts the soft pain,
Whose eyes, more than language, his feelings express.

Then Hope would her sweet consolation impart,
And whisper, tho' doom'd as an exile to rove,
" Return, and be happy; Amelia's fond heart,
" Oft dwells on her Conrade; she pities, she loves."

Conrade was not a poet, yet he often felt much of the poet's enthusiasm. This little morceau was the effusion of the heart, untinctured by fashion, and uncontaminated with the follies of the fashionable world, the faithful repository of every generous and expansive feeling.

He now bade a long adieu to the grove, with that sort of regret, which a feeling heart is only capable of comprehending. On his return, he was met by his uncle.

" I have

"I have been thinking, Conrade," said, he, "that you will wish to spend a day or two with your friend Somerton. My daughters seldom visit the metropolis; I have a mind to accompany them and you so far on your journey."

. The proposal was cheerfully accepted, and it was contrived accordingly.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Miseris succurrere disco.

ÆNEID, lib. 1.

Sweet sensibility, thou keen delight!
Thou hasty moral, sudden sense of right!
Thou untaught goodness, virtue's precious seed,
The sweet precursor of the generous deed;
Beauty's quick relish, reason's radiant morn,
That dawns soft light before reflection's born;
To those *who know thee not*, no words can paint,
And those who know thee, know *all words are faint.*

MORE'S SENSIBILITY.

WITH various agitations of mind, Conrade strolled out to hear the conclusion of

Williamson's

Williamson's story. The old gentleman appeared pleased with his attention.

"You are uncommonly attentive to a poor old man," said he. "You see I am not so sad as when you saw me last. Friendship is the greatest of all lenitives for internal wounds. To see a young heart labouring to relieve the anguish of his fellow men, who have tasted the bitter cup of affliction, inspires my bosom once more with the hope, that virtue has not entirely flown from the creation. But for me there is no hope on earth—yet the poet spoke the truth, when he said—'hope never leaves the virtuous.' Though my prospects are all faded, as it respects terrestrials, yet hope, that dear soother of the troubled breast—

Still points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

 But

But I may say, with Addison's Cato—

> The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me,
> But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.

"But to my story.—My friendship for Hortensius was renewed; and little did I think that he, to whom I entrusted the inmost secrets of my soul, would prove my betrayer, my ruin.

"About this time, my Julia introduced a little cherub of innocence into the world, whom we called Celestia. Your imagination must paint the joy I felt on this occasion, for had I the eloquence of Chatham, the energy of Burke, or powers of expression more vigorous than either, I could not express my feelings. I clasped the little innocent to my bosom, and blessed Heaven for a gift so perfect.

"Sometimes I smile, to think how easily

we

we yield to the deceptive influences of the meteor hope. Yes, youth, I fondly hoped that my Celestia would

Rock the cradle of declining age.

"Year after year rolled on, and we were happy. My daughter had attained her seventeenth year, and displayed an uncommon share of personal attractions; and we laboured, with unremitting assiduity, to impress on her mind sentiments of honour and virtue.

"Hortensius was intimate in my family; and he, one day, introduced a young man of elegant exterior, as a gentleman of fortune, who wished the pleasure of our acquaintance. His person and manners were extremely engaging, but his heart—ah! *his heart!* Can I bear the recollection! He planned, deliberately planned and exe-

 cuted,

cuted, the destruction of a more beautiful fabric than genius could devise, or art construct! Cursed be the art which he employed to delude confiding innocence! Cursed, for ever cursed, be the name of the SEDUCER!

"The house of Hortensius was contiguous to mine, and Theodore was an inmate in his family. I had sustained several losses, by the failure of persons to whom I had entrusted immense sums: my fortune was considerably diminished, and myself immerged in debt. I now found the struggle between economy and pride too great long to be supported. To save my fortune from utter ruin, it was necessary to retrench my expences; and had I done this, I should have lost my friends. But why do I honour those with the name of friends, who lavished my fortune, deluded

my

my daughter, and then deserted me in the hour of calamity?

"My embarrassments daily encreased; and I, at length, resolved to try the friendship of Hortensius. He reproached me for not applying to him sooner; told me his purse was open to his friend, and immediately offered the loan of such a sum as would retrieve my embarrassments. He received my note for an hundred pounds, payable on demand. It was then I entertained the idea, that the world could boast of such a thing as friendship. But I was deceived; his treacherous kindness was meant to undo me.

"My affairs grew every day in a more distracted state; and the loss of a ship, richly laden, from India, completed the ruin of my fortune. My paternal inhe-

 ritance

ritance was pledged, and I was utterly unable to discharge my accumulated debts. My Celestia grew pensive; I attributed her melancholy to a loss of property, and enquired no farther. Perhaps, Sir, you will think I was not the most prudent person in the world. Be it so. I was too unguarded, I own. Yet my heart glowed with rapture, when I had relieved a fellow mortal. I could weep at the distresses of my fellow men—and even at the fictitious tale of the poet and the novelist. I mourned the tragic end of Barnwell, I wept for Clementina, and I sighed for Werter.

"The climax of my miseries had now arrived; the sable cloud which had long hung over me, now burst upon my head with all its fury. My daughter——"

Here his emotion suspended his voice: he

he pressed Conrade's hand, who sat in silent attention. Williamson wiped away a tear, and proceeded, hesitatingly

"My daughter, the young, the beautiful Celestia, was seduced, and then abandoned by the traitor Theodore. It is needless to mention particulars: suffice it to say—*she was ruined.*

"Oh, my heart!" and he laid his hand expressively on his breast, "my poor bursting heart! well, well, this *must* soon be quiet. Judge of my feelings, to see this lovely blossom blighted, just as it began to expand its leaves to the sun. I, one day, entered her chamber, and found her senseless on a sofa—an open letter lay by her side. Oh, Mr. Anderson, *if you have a heart,* pity a father—perhaps you will one day be a father—until then, you cannot know my fondness or my grief."

 Conrade

Conrade wiped a tear, and attempted to say something, but the accent died on his lips.

Williamson continued.—"We restored the unhappy girl to sense and life; but vain was every effort to calm the agitation of her mind. 'He is gone!' she exclaimed, 'gone and left me a prey to infamy and ruin. Oh, why did you restore me to life! why was your benevolent hand exerted, when a continuation of life is only a prolongation of misery?' She relapsed into a state of insensibility, in which she continued, except at short intervals, during the night. Nor were these intervals less painful; she raved in agony, and even entreated her attendants to put a period to her existence. The letter unfolded this mysterious conduct."

He

He took a letter from his pocket-book, and handed it to Conrade.

"See, youth, what a consummate villain!"

Conrade read as follows:

To Miss Celestia Williamson

'MADAM,

"You are much mistaken in supposing I ever intended to marry you. If you mistook the civilities of gallantry, for such a design, your delusion is at an end. Had your virtue been inflexible, I might possibly have loved you; but you ought to have remembered, that when a lady ceases to respect herself, she may vainly look for admiration or respect in our sex

To

"To marry you in your present situation, would be an indelible disgrace: but I shall ever retain an affectionate remembrance of the many happy hours we have passed together. I shall always remember Celestia with pleasure; but the lady with whom I would unite my future destiny, must possess unconquerable virtue. I now bid you an eternal farewell, and beg you sometimes to think of your

"THEODORE."

"In the first transport of my rage," continued Williamson, "I flew to wreak my vengeance on her seducer; but he had absconded. I flew to Hortensius, and reproached him as being an abettor in the horrid plot of my Celestia's destruction. Here I learned a plain tale that froze my blood.

blood. Hortensius owned, yes, Sir, honestly owned, that he was an accomplice in the horrid plan; and added, with a degree of triumph, that I once despised his society, and he now had an opportunity to revenge the insult.

"Without answering a word, I quitted the house in dismay. The thought of her present situation brought on a delirium; and for several days my daughter was not a rational being. The birth of a lovely infant, the fruit of an illicit commerce with Theodore, added much to her despair. She was treated tenderly; and, unwilling to call up recollections, which were already agonizing beyond description, we forbore to mention the sad occurrences which had plunged us all in a state of misery, nearly approximating to despair

"One fatal day—alas! I shall never forget

get it, she retired to her chamber, and locked the door. During the day, our family several times attempted to enter; and towards evening, I forced the door of her apartment, when— Oh mighty God! support me as I think of it—my Celestia *was no more.* Stretched on a sofa, lay the breathless remains of the deluded girl. Addison's Cato, doubled down at

This, in a moment, brings me to an end.

lay on the sofa by her side. She appeared to have been reading some of her favourite authors, and her books lay in disorder on her bureau. Two unsealed packets lay on the bureau, the one addressed to her parents, the other to her seducer. If you please, Sir, you shall read them. My child possessed a *mind,* Mr. Anderson, a dignified, an exalted mind."

The

The letters were as follow:

LETTER I.

"Little did Celestia once think she should write such a letter as this to those who gave her being. Little did I once imagine I should bring destruction on my own head, and those of the best of parents. But before you receive this last testimony of my crimes, and my sufferings, I shall be no more—I shall cease to suffer the pangs of guilt and remorse—this hand shall have become cold and lifeless—this pulse shall have ceased to vibrate. I have suffered a dreadful conflict in my bosom; but it is over—I have determined on my conduct, and shall act decisively. Forgive me, my revered parents—forgive your lost, despairing

despairing child, who, abandoned by him who drew her unguarded footsteps from the paths of peace, finds her only refuge in *death*. At first, the struggle was almost insupportable: a sense of guilt, and a dreadful presentiment of retaliating wrath, made me half resolve to live, and dedicate my days to repentance—but the struggle is over—I am resolved on death. A soft, angelic voice—' in strains as sweet as angels use,' whispers—

'There is another, and a better world.

" I am fully persuaded that God is everlasting love: the best of parents taught me to consider an all-gracious Deity as a father. I have seen an earthly parent look with an eye of pity and forgiveness on his guilty child; and shall I dare presume, that an Heavenly Parent will not be infinitely

nitely more benevolent—and who shall dare to limit Eternal Mercy?

"Yet there is one tender tie binds me to the earth. My child—the unhappy fruit of a still more unhappy connexion—my God, I tremble for her fate! O cast not off the little innocent, for the crimes of her unfortunate mother. Guard her, for Heaven's sake! guard her from *seduction*. Let her heart be doubly steeled to the syren song of flattery—implant not one tender sensibility in her soul. Let sympathy, let compassion, and even common humanity, be strangers to her bosom. Teach her to consider all mankind as her enemies. Let distrust, jealousy, suspicion, be the constant companions of her soul. Should she be beautiful—My God! I dread the thought. May her heart be apathy, her face deformity. Had I been less beautiful, I had been

been less unfortunate—had I been less susceptible, I had been more suspicious—had my bosom never felt the soft glow of friendship, it had never ripened into love—had I never loved, I had never been unhappy.

"But my tears will soon cease to flow—I shall soon taste the inexhaustible cup of celestial bliss. Forgive, my parents, the crime of suicide—forgive, gracious God, the violation of thine ever sacred law. The hand of one, whom I still call my friend, has procured me a *deadly draught,* which, in a moment, wafts me to the shores of Elysium.

"Adieu,

"Pity and forgive the repentant

"CELESTIA."

LETTER

LETTER II.

"Betrayer of my innocence, seducer of my virtue, accept the last sad pledge of our unhappy connexion. Theodore, ungrateful, cruel Theodore, read the last record of Celestia's shame. You have deceived my virgin innocence; you have despoiled my honour, and robbed me of my inestimable gem—and now you refuse to make the only reparation in your power. Perjured villain! you have broken the most solemn vows, and trifled with the most sacred engagements. In the hallowed presence of Omniscience, you swore eternal fidelity: our mutual vows 'flew up to Heaven's chancery,' and the 'recording angel' registered them in his eternal book. Yet you dare leave me—yet you dare add

insult

insult to injury—you dare write to me of unconquerable virtue.

"If virtue be dependent on the opinion of the world, then my virtue is indeed gone; but if, as my better judgment teaches, virtue be a conformity of heart to the rules of rectitude, I am still her most enthusiastic votary. Theodore, my heart has never deviated from virtue. In that fatal moment, when passion triumphed over reason, when I yielded to your persuasive eloquence, I gave not my person up to prostitution. My love for you was a sincerely virtuous love: I had sworn to be true to you, and I considered myself not the less yours, because a legal ceremony was omitted. I was imprudent, I was criminal—but mine was the weakness of delusion—your's the systematic villainy of a traitor.

"Are

"Are you the less perjured, because we had not an earthly witness to our vows? No, Theodore, the God of Heaven and earth was our witness—the invisible spirits who watch over plighted lovers, witnessed our mutual vows. Before you receive this, I shall be in eternity. I shall not require your pity; and it will be out of your power to make any reparation for the injuries, the insults I have suffered. Proceed then, villain: plot the destruction of more innocence; render others as miserable as you have the unguarded Celestia.

"As for me, when I am laid low in the grave, the sarcasms of an unfeeling world cannot reach me; the finger of scorn shall point to the turf that covers me, and say—'there lies the suicide.' Calumny will brood over my grave, and whisper my story to the passenger;

passenger; but I shall be removed far from the reach of a malignant and indiscriminating world. My woes will be drowned in an *everlasting sleep.* Yet what have I said? An everlasting sleep! No, Theodore. The cordial draught will not end my existence: I *feel* that it will not; I feel that I shall live again—live to receive a compensation in a better world, for the ills I have suffered in this.

"Publish then your triumph to the world—give to foul-mouthed calumny a feast on which to gormandize; but know, the time will come, when conscience, no longer stifled, will burn with more fierceness than the flames of Vesuvius—when the pangs of conscious guilt, like a stream of bursting lava, will overwhelm your soul. Then will you reflect on a father, robbed

of his fondest hope—a mother, of her only joy—and an unguarded girl, sent, by her own hand, to the tomb.

"These torturing reflections will, one day, overtake you; the vengeance of Heaven will not for ever sleep. Prepare then, barbarous man, prepare to meet your final doom.

> Think, timely think, on the last dreadful day:
> How will you tremble there to stand expos'd,
> The foremost in the rank of guilty ghosts *.

"The world seldom, perhaps never, discriminates in such a case as the present; and my sex, in a particular manner, feel the effects of this indiscrimination. An act of villainy in *man* is soon forgotten—he is suffered to 'tarnish his name, and brighten it again.'—'She was imprudent,'

* DRYDEN.

 says

says the world, 'she ought to have considered:' and the perpetrator of the deed escapes with impunity.

"At the great and last tribunal, far different is the case. Hither you *must come*—here you must be arraigned at the bar of Eternal Justice—and here an Almighty Judge will preside, whom you cannot bribe to favour. However you may fancy yourself secure of life, this hour *will come*, and it *may come* soon. Think then what must be your sensations, when reclining on the uneasy pillow of a sick-bed, and hourly expecting to launch into an unknown world, from whence 'no traveller e'er returned:' think what must be your feelings, to have these torturing reflections rush in upon your mind. However sophistry, gaiety, and fashion, may deride the idea of accountability to an Eternal Being, it

is

is a solemn, interesting truth. At this moment, when I am about to welcome the harbinger of my separation from all beneath the sun, I *feel* it to be true. And, oh, Theodore, what have I not suffered from the recollection! But I am now calm — sister spirits bear me to the skies.

> Come, sister, come, (they said, or seem'd to say),
> Thy place is here, sad sister, come away.
> Once, like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
> Love's victim then, but now a sainted maid.
> But all is calm, in this eternal sleep,
> Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep.'
> 'I come, I come, prepare your roseate bowers;
> Celestial palms, and ever blooming flowers;
> Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
> Where flames refin'd, in breasts seraphic glow *.'

"Unhappy man! I still would pray for your repentance. My parting breath shall

* Pope's Eloisa.

utter a prayer to the Creator, that you may be prepared, timely prepared, to stand at the bar of Omniscience, there to answer for the destruction of

"CELESTIA."

The old man paced the room in the agony of reflection, and Conrade, unable any longer to conceal his emotion, burst into tears.

Williamson resumed.

"I distress you, Sir—pardon me; the recital of my sorrows pains you: go, youth; go then, ignorant of the future fate of Williamson."

"By no means," said Conrade; "finish, I entreat, your interesting narration. I feel an impulse more than curiosity: could I alleviate——"

"'Tis

"'Tis impossible," interrupted Williamson; "but I will not torture you with suspense.

"A jury of inquest sat upon the body of my child: their verdict was suicide. In vain I supplicated and prayed: the rigour of the law could not be evaded. Oh, youth! could I behold the dear remains of my darling child dragged inhumanly through the street, and denied even the last sad privilege of the wretched, a decent grave! Could I behold this, and survive it? Man knows not what a weight of sorrow he can sustain, until he has the trial.

"My despair was, at first, so violent, as to deprive me of reason; and this was the crisis for which Hortensius waited to complete my miseries. He knew my utter inability to comply, when he demanded the

payment of his treacherous loan. I reproached him as a barbarian—I raved with the fury of a maniac My Julia alone was calm and serene. Her seraphic mind rose superior to misfortune, while she endeavoured to pour the balm of consolation into the wounds of her despairing husband.

"By her address, my child's letter (having first transcribed it, to preserve as a sad memento of her fall) was enclosed in a spirited one from her, and forwarded in such a manner, that I am certain he received it.

"Hortensius put the bond he held against me in suit; my creditors thronged my house; I was stripped of house, property, every thing I possessed, and myself thrown into prison. The parents of my Julia offered to provide for her, if she would

abandon

abandon me, and the little innocent our dying daughter committed to our charge. She rejected the offer with disdain, and chose rather to share my fortune in the 'sad solitary cell.' It was then I discovered those traits in her character, which had been hitherto hidden in obscurity. She now displayed the tenderness of love, united to the fortitude of the heroine.

"In the mansion of despair we remained immured, till a disciple of the benevolent Howard saw our distresses, and effected our release. His kindness did not end here; he furnished me with a considerable sum of money, and advised me to commence author by profession.

"Thus you see, my young friend, among the dark group of monsters in human shape, here is one bright example to retrieve our opinion of human nature. I had borne

misery and insult with silent despair; but the accent of friendship, the voice of benevolence, I could not hear with composure, and I wept like an infant. His advice pleased me: I quitted a vicinity, grown hateful to my sight, since the late disasters, and repaired to the metropolis of this state.

"Here I found, to my disappointment, that the plant of genius, though it is indigenous to the soil of a republic, was suffered to wither and die uncultivated. Why is it, Mr. Anderson, that the reward of genius is ever deferred, till its possessor is cold and insensible? While an author is living, penury is usually his possession. Posterity generally estimate his worth more truly—but what is the empty breath of fame? What are statues and monuments to the sleeping dust, that requires only a nar-

row

row strip of ground, and a sod to cover it? I might have edited a newspaper; but, to please my patrons, I must have become a partizan, and a tool to faction. I preferred poverty to *such* aggrandizement. I strung together some lines, which I will repeat, that you may form some idea of the plaintive sadness of my mind.

THE PLAINT OF SORROW.

Ah! why is sorrow stamp'd on all below?
Why do our bosoms feel the darts of woe?
Poor are the pleasures of this earthly span,
And haggard grief's the certain lot of man.
Oh Happiness! thou visionary maid,
To what lone, silent grotto hast thou stray'd?
Oft have I hop'd to meet thy cheering smile;
Long have I sought thee with unceasing toil:
Oft have I Hope's delusive tale believ'd,
And with a *phantom* been as oft deceiv'd.

 Then

Then tell me, Happiness, celestial maid,
Art thou a *phantom*, an *illusive shade?*
O yes, too soon the painful truth I know,
That "imperfection's stamp'd on all below;"
That life is but a dream, an empty shade,
And soon, too soon, our highest transports fade.

Not all the skill to touch the magic lyre,
Not e'en Philenia's lute, or Dryden's fire,
From one intruding pang can shield the heart,
Or once beguile pale Sorrow's barbed dart.
Witness this truth, ye who this truth deride
For e'en a Chatterton in mis'ry died.

'Twas thus, when vernal charms the season crown'd,
And Zephyrs sent their od'rous sweets around,
As 'neath yon elm's extended branch I stood,
I sigh'd my sorrows to the echoing wood.
'Twas thus, when Summer crown'd the lonely glade,
I sigh'd my sorrows to her silent shade.

And thus, when Winter hurl'd his terrors round,
And cloth'd in lucid robes the frozen ground;
When nipping frosts the streamlet's tide assail,
I sigh'd my woes to every passing gale.

Thus

Thus when bright Sol, with his reluming light,
Scatters away the dewy shades of night,
I greet the orient messenger of morn,
And sigh my sorrows to the rosy dawn.

Thus when pale Cynthia sheds her silver ray,
And lonely Philomel resumes her lay;
When thousand orbs display their twinkling light,
And gild with glitt'ring rays the vault of night;
When Cynthia darts across the rippling stream,
I sigh my sorrows to her silver beam.

Parent of *all*, the plaint of sorrow hear,
And let thy mercy dry the flowing tear;
Teach me to view with an indiff'rent eye,
Terrestrial joys, and blessings born to die.
The heav'nly plant blooms not on earthly ground,
And happiness *is no where to be found*;
E'en like a dream, all earthly blessings fly,
And only bloom *to wound us when they die.*

Then let my pilgrimage of woe be short,
And soon conduct me to the destin'd port;
Let bland Compassion shed a cheering ray,
To gild the lonely wanderer's devious way.

"I found, to my disappointment, that the name of M'Kenzie should adorn the title-page of a pathetic work, and that of Sterne an humorous one. Colman and Pindar could only write a witty poem; and Cowper, Southey, or some of the poets of established fame, a serious one. Disappointed with myself, my readers, and all the world, I sought some other employment, but in vain. I had drained my purse of its last dollar, when chance, or rather Providence, led me to your uncle, under whose protection I have lived ever since. Thus, Sir, you are become acquainted with the principal occurrences of my life. Born in affluence, and used to all the elegancies of life, reduced to poverty, to beggary,

and

and want, and this through the treachery of my fellow-men, judge then, if I have not some cause to distrust *profession.* O youth! beware, beware of fiends in the disguise of men! When the gently soothing voice of friendship vibrates on your ear, oh, distrust, distrust! You see, my friend, I have no hope ever again on earth to taste one joyous moment; yet there is one hope which I would not resign for the gems of Golconda; the hope of another and a better world, where sorrow cannot come—where disappointment cannot enter, and seduction cannot blast the fond hope of an exulting father.

"If my story has excited one painful emotion, I am sincerely sorry; on the contrary, should my example prove a warning to you, to beware of your fellow-men, I shall be amply compensated for every

painful feeling the narration has excited."

The old man finished, and Conrade, too much affected to speak, slipped his purse into his hand, and walked silently away. When he arrived at his uncle's, he communicated the outlines of the narrative, looked at his uncle with an aspect of enquiring benevolence, as if he had said, 'may I be beneficent?'

Herbert understood him.—" I admire your philanthropy," said he; " these feelings, this emotion, this mild benevolence, will prove a greater source of happiness than the riches of Potosi."

A contention now arose, from whose store of wealth Williamson should be relieved. The fond contest was at length decided with mutual liberality, and Conrade enjoyed that exquisite felicity which virtuous

tuous minds experience when they have drawn deserving merit from the shades of indigence, and caused the eye of despair once more to beam with the tear of gratitude.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Yet now arrives the time—the dangerous time,
When all these virtues opening now so fair,
Transplanted to the world's tempestuous clime,
Must learn each passion's boisterous breath to bear.

MASON.

EVERY thing was at length adjusted, and this happy party entered the metropolis. New scenes now engaged their attention. Somerton received them with the warmest demonstrations of joy, and undertook to lead them through the routine of fashionable amusement. The theatre, the museum, and the assembly, alternately engaged

gaged their attention; and Eliza's cheerfulness seemed perfectly restored. The presence of Somerton was not to her the most trifling source of satisfaction.

Such was the situation of Eliza's mind, that, with him, all was pleasing; and without him, every thing was tasteless and insipid. This, indeed, was a dangerous crisis for her; and of this she was sensible. She examined her heart, she found her affections all concentred to one point; she found that she loved, yet she knew it was a sincerely virtuous love, born of esteem, and cherished by friendship.

Edward's character had been pourtrayed by Conrade, in the most engaging tints; and she construed his attentions to her in a manner the most flattering to her wishes; and a train of pleasing hopes began to play round her imagination.

Edward, from this moment, conceived the idea of more destruction. He contemplated the little happy family; he saw virtue and peace their companions. Domestic felicity filled each eye with the dew of sensibility, and each heart with rapture. It was impossible for consummate villainy to behold such a scene, but with sensations similar to those of the Prince of Pandemonium, when he beheld the first created pair in the garden of Eden.

To the charms of beauty and innocence he was insensible. The tender emotions of sensibility, which those who feel can only know, he was accustomed inwardly to ridicule, as the idle phantasies of a deluded imagination. Deception was his trade; he could assume a soft and soothing accent, while his heart was meditating destruction. He was the inheritor of a considerable fortune;

tune; dissipation, however, had much diminished it, and he looked to Conrade's for amendment. In this pursuit he would not have scrupled—had his power been adequate to the accomplishment, to have hurled whole systems from their centre, and sacrificed the whole race of intelligent beings. But for Eliza's destruction, no motive can be assigned. The furies must have inspired the idea, and the heart that could contemplate the destruction of so lovely a blossom of innocence, must have been kindred to the fiends of Tartarus. The idea that now floated in his brain he committed to writing, in the form of a letter to an intimate friend (if the name of friend be not dishonoured by such an use) and confidential accomplice.

LETTER.

"Anderson is in town. He arrived yesterday, on his tour to Philadelphia, accompanied by that honest simpleton, his uncle, and his two beautiful daughters. He has disappointed all my plans to ensnare him, and is still as sober, virtuous and romantic, as ever. When he mentioned his foolish passion for Miss Stanhope, (for he has no secrets) my hopes were sanguine; but they were visionary, for he has obtained the permission of her parents, and means to marry her. Marry!—odious sound!—wife!—distraction's in the term! What say you, Evander—shall he outwit us?—No, by Jove. Gaming he is passionately fond of, and here rests my only hope. Let us only weaken his attachment for that idle

something

something of a name,' called virtue—let us but place him in a gaming-house, and he is ours as securely as ——, you may finish the metaphor yourself. This cursed journey will occasion much delay; but we must contrive to keep up the appearance of wealth, till the possession of his fortune gives us the reality.

"Thus much for Anderson—now for another affair. Eliza Herbert is a charming girl: yet think not that I am smitten with her beauty—no, I leave this to such weak minds as Anderson's—such as would dress their heads with willows, and die despairingly, if some fop, more gaily attired than themselves, should supplant them in the affection of some pretty village maiden, who loved the *glittering tinsel*, not the *wearer*.

"What

"What if the gentle Eliza could be overthrown? This family is now as happy as the inhabitants of Paradise (if there be a Paradise)—Evander, would you see them quaff such draughts of bliss, and not throw some misfortune in the cup? But why have I pitched upon Eliza? Is she the most beautiful? No, Harriet is all that fools call fair and lovely. She is charming as Venus, but as inflexible as Lucretia.

"There are some women, Evander, whom we find it dangerous to encounter. Such an one is Harriet Herbert. There is something in her mein and air that indicates unconquerable virtue, and commands respect, even from me. Will it not be prudent, in the mean time, to give Anderson a short respite, while I meditate the destruction of the now virtuous Eliza?

Anderson

Anderson is coming to bid me farewell: I must meet him, and now for deception.

Adieu for the present,

"Your's, unalterably,

"E. SOMERTON."

Such were the infernal plots laid for the unsuspecting virtue of Eliza; whether they were successful, the sequel will determine. The hour of separation arrived: Conrade burst from the embraces of his friends, and with a tremulous voice, bade them *adieu.*

Without the interruption of a single incident worth recording, he arrived at his uncle Anderson's. He was received by his cousins with the familiarity of an old acquaintance. Edwin rang for a servant.

"Tell my father," said he, "that Mr. Anderson is arrived."

In

In a few moments, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson entered the apartment. The appearance of the former drew tears from Conrade—it reminded him of a friend, a father, a protector, whom he had lost for ever.

Mrs. Anderson was a lady of respectability, and the gentleness of her manners proceeded from the pure fountain of all politeness, goodness of heart. Edwin and George were such sons as might make a parent happy; and Melissa, their sister, was an amiable girl, whose personal attractions were only equalled by her good sense and virtue.

Such was the family in which Conrade was received as an inmate, and treated with unbounded hospitality. Conrade was no less pleased with his preceptor; and Mr. Granville, on his part, was charmed with the unaffected goodness of his pupil. He

was

was introduced to the most respectable and fashionable company; and had amusement been the object of his search, he might have been amply gratified. But his were nobler pursuits. To acquire that knowledge, which would enable him to become a blessing to his country; to study the polity and government of other nations, that he might the better discern the excellencies of his own free constitution, and still more firmly rivet his attachment to liberty and his country, were the noble objects of his study. Nor were the arts of embellishment, which give to virtue an added lustre, forgotten. Every soft emotion of sensibility, that finds its way through a thousand avenues to the feeling soul; every liberal endowment, that refines the ideas, expands the heart, and raises it beyond this little space, assigned for our

existence, above the starry mansions of the sky, were eagerly sought, and cultivated with watchful solicitude. The suavity of his disposition. procured him friends wherever he formed acquaintances; and the unaffected goodness of his heart, real benevolence of disposition, and unlimited candour, endeared him to all who saw him.

Oh Somerton! thy heart must have been kindred to the fiends below: some demon's spirit must have inhabited thy form, for the bosom that felt any thing like human kindness, could never plot the destruction of so much innocence and virtue.

In Mr. Granville, Conrade found an able instructor, a warm patriot, and an honest man. While he instructed him in the duties of his profession, he was equally attentive to the culture of his heart. With warm benevolence, he

he reproved the errors of his nature; for there were still some errors lurking in Conrade's heart. Moderation was not among his virtues. His extreme susceptibility subjected him sometimes to the violence of passion; he was impatient of contradiction; and though, when in the bosom of retirement, he had contemplated the inhabitants of the globe as *one common family*, he had declared himself of *no party;* yet, when his favourite tenets met with opposition, he was often more inclined to ascribe the difference of sentiment in his opposers to the error of the heart, than the judgment. Mr. Granville taught him, by precept and example, the beauty of moderation, and pruned his mind of the errors of youth. He was not unrewarded for the generous employment. The industrious application of his pupil, and his progressive improve-

ment, were a sweet reward to the benevolent heart.

Thus happily situated, we must leave Conrade, and accompany the family of the Herberts back to the peaceful plains of M——.

CHAP. XII.

None are so truly caught, when they are catch'd
As wit turn'd fool, folly in wisdom hatch'd
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school,
And wit's own grace, to grace a *learned fool.*

SHAKESPEARE.

ONCE more the villagers returned from the gay diversions of the city, to the peaceful serenity of the rural village. Edward—the treacherous Edward, now found it necessary to pause, and consider what steps were necessary to be taken; for as yet his

plans had been productive of nothing. Wily as the serpent, he guarded against the least incongruity in his conduct. He reflected, that as Conrade would remain sometime absent, should his contemplated connexion with Eliza immediately commence, it must be terminated, and his real character developed, before he could ensnare the other victim of his wiles. He was not ignorant of the impression he had made on the mind of Eliza; for that heart must have been like his own, doubly cased with deception, whose secret springs and movements could be concealed from him.

He had purchased an elegant country seat, on the banks of the Charles River, near the paternal inheritance of his friend Anderson. Here he proposed to spend his summers, and here he soon found compa-

nions

nions whose dispositions and pursuits were similar to his own.

We must now pause for a moment, and introduce to the reader a very learned character, by the name of Christopher Dilemma, a gentleman of the sophimore class of the university. His figure was rather above the common size, and might have been agreeable enough, but for a sort of affected negligence, which permitted "each hair to stand an end."

He was uncommonly polite and attentive to *all;* but to the female sex, he was so obsequiously assiduous, that, had Edmund Burke had his eye upon such a character, he would not have written—" the age of chivalry is gone; the loyalty of the sex is flown."

What he particularly prided himself

upon, however, was his great learning, and elegant phraseology.

As soon as he entered—"Ladies," said he, "the salubrity of the morning air, added to my adoration for your sex, and this joined to the sublime felicities, the exquisite rapchurs, and the thrilling transports I enjoy in the society of the ladies; all these considerations, amalgamated and conglomerated, induced me to spend a leisure hour in your charming company."

Mutual civilities over—

> All were attentive to the godlike man,
> When from his lofty seat he thus began—

"The enchanting vermillion of the rose is faint, when compared to the artless die of beauchee*; the lily is not so fair as

* Beauty in true pedantic pronunciation

the

the snowy whiteness of your alabaster cheek."

"You are quite beyond my comprehension, Sir," said Harriet, sarcastically; "pray to whom was that delectable apostrophe addressed?"

"Why, Madam, it was a rhapsody on your inimitable beauchee."

"We are much obliged to you," said Eliza, "for the honour you do us; but you will please to recollect, that we are unlearned in the technical terms of the votaries of science. Will you oblige us with a definition of the term *rhapsody?*"

"With the most exquisite pleasure," was the reply. "Rhapsody is—that is—I spoke in the strain of rhapsody. It is a noun, Madam, and from it are derived the adjectives, *rhapsodial* and *rhapsodical;* it is a

term much used at the university, especially in *sentimental* compositions."

Harriet could hardly restrain her risibility; common politeness, however, obliged her to hear the pedant with patience.

"I understand you perfectly," resumed Eliza; "it must be presumed you are a great scholar."

"Why, Madam, it has been my good forchune to be initiated in the 'art and mystery' of erudition I have always lamented that ladies are denied the sublime felicities that flow only from the *Hippocrenean fountain.*"

He then proceeded in such an ebullition of nonsense and folly, that Harriet, entirely out of patience, was obliged to interrupt him, and desire him to be more explicit.

"Well, Madam, now I come to the point.

point. You know, Madam, that during the vacation, Madam, it is proper to unbend the mind by diversion, and render it more fit for study, Madam."

Harriet assented.

"To this we may attribute the establishment of theatres, amphitheatres, museums, circusses, masquerades, operas, balls, assemblies, card-parties, and all other *diversional* parties."

"Pray, Sir," said Harriet, "to what does all this allude? Certainly you cannot imagine that all the places of amusement you have enumerated, were contrived solely for collegians."

"Perhaps not *solely*, but certainly, Madam, we, who explore the *mines of science, and dig up the literary ore,* are entitled to the first privilege, though I am no *egotist*, and abominate *pedantry*."

 "Pray,

"Pray, Sir, if you can, speak more to the purpose."

"To the purpose!—I called on purpose to communicate an important piece of intelligence."

"As briefly as you can, Sir."

"Well, then, briefly it is this, without preface, prelude, or apology."

"Your preface has been long enough," said Eliza; "pray begin upon the narrative."

"As soon as possible, Madam; the climax rises gradually, but I shall soon be at the zenith."

"You have been at the zenith once, Sir, and appear to be pursuing a *retrograde course.*"

At length the mighty secret burst. Mr. Dilemma at last brought his story to a conclusion, having discussed every point between

tween the zenith and the nadir. He came to request the honour of Harriet's hand at an ensuing ball, and to inform them that Mr. Somerton would call on them sometime in the day, as he expressed it, "to bring the affair to a final issue."

Harriet would have declined, but foreseeing that Somerton would attend Eliza, and from a sort of jealous suspicion, unwilling to trust her in his company, she determined to accept, disagreeable and tedious as her partner was.

With the utmost formal ceremony, Mr. Dilemma took his leave. To conceal the real situation of her mind, was what Eliza aimed at; to effect which, she assumed a gaiety which was entirely discordant to her feelings, and began to represent their visitor in the most absurd and ridiculous colours. The innate dignity of Harriet's

mind instantly revolted at the idea of assuming a different deportment to a person when *present,* from that when he was absent. She gently reproved her sister's levity, and expressed her surprise that Eliza should descend to the low amusement of mimicry.

"I consider him," said Eliza, "as a proper subject of ridicule. There is nothing I more detest than affectation, and of all species of affectation, that of learning is the most disagreeable and disgusting. Had Mr. Dilemma, for instance, been less solicitous to display his fancied erudition, his real ignorance might have been in some measure concealed. I believe the gravest sage of antiquity could hardly have refrained a smile at his learned definition of *rhapsody,* and his *round-about* manner of relating his business."

But

"But," said Harriet, "Somerton is approaching; we shall now meet a 'mind of a different mould."

If ever Edward's conversation was pleasing, it was now doubly delightful from contrast. His language was easy and elegant, and his mein at once so commanding and so graceful, that he fascinated the judgment, and pleaded directly to the heart. In Dilemma's character were united the coxcomb, the pedant, and the dunce. He had acquired, by dint of application, 'a little learning, of which he was insupportably vain.' He was then a student at the university, but for the sciences taught there, it might be said of him—

——— Each academic science
Bade all his efforts bold defiance;
In Algebra, his constant *station*,
Was *negative* in each *equation*;

And

And in Astronomy survey'd,
His constant course was *retrograde.* *

Eliza did not fail to contrast the two characters to the advantage of the former; her heart chid her for it, but how could she do otherwise?

Progress of Dullness.

CHAP. XIII.

What vast confusion swells the sound,
When all the coxcombs flutter round;
What undulation wide of bows,
What gentle oaths, and am'rous vows;
What jealous leers, and angry brawls,
To gain the lady's hand at balls.
What billet-doux, brim full of flame,
Acrostics lin'd with Harriet's name;
What cringing, dancing, ogling, sighing,
What languishing for love, and dying.

PROGRESS OF COQUETRY.

THE Miss Herberts were busily employed in preparing for the ball, when Susan, their

their waiting-maid, entered the chamber; her eyes glistened with impatience, and her whole deportment indicated that she had something of importance to communicate.

"O dear, Ma'am," said she, "the strangest news; there's a grand gentleman loves you desperately. He says you must not go to the ball with that Mr. Dlimmy Dlemmy, for he don't know a great A from a chest of drawers, without he sees the brasses, and then he don't know; and here's a letter, and he wants you to meet him in the garden; but he says you mus'nt tell your papa."

"Silence, Susan!" interrupted Harriet.

"A letter?" interrogated Eliza, "from a gentleman, Susan?"

"Yes, Ma'am, a letter for Miss Harriet;

and

and he charged me not to give it to nobody else; but—but bless me, Ma'am, (to Harriet) won't you take the letter?"

"No, Susan," replied Harriet, sternly. "Who is this impertinent?"

"Oh, dear me, don't call him such names, for the love on me. Why—he's a proper fine gentleman, and was dressed a good deal finer than 'Squire Simper's son, Richard, and he said, if my mistress refused him, he should die—he should; and that would be a terrible thing, it would."

"It would, indeed," said Harriet, smiling; "but, Susan, I shall retain no person in my service, who can contrive assignations, or convey letters."

"Why, Ma'am, I wouldn't do nothing to offend you, for all 'Squire Simper's farm, I wouldn't; but to be sure, he did talk so movingly, he did, that one's heart

must

must be harder than mine, it must, that could refuse to carry a letter; and moreover, and besides, if he'd a *drownded* himself, I shouldn't a dared to gone out after sundown, for fear of meeting his ghost, all wrapp'd up in a winding-sheet"

Harriet smiled, and the loquacious Susan proceeded.

"And, moreover, he said that his death would lie at my door. Now, I don't know what that means; but if his ghost should come, all wrapped up in his winding-sheet, and lie down at my door, it's ten chances to one but I should be so frightened, that I should run right into Jonathan's chamber, I should."

Curiosity is a prominent feature in the female character; and there are but few who have not in some degree imbibed the mania. Notwithstanding the contempt

Harriet

Harriet and Eliza felt for any person who should attempt to draw either of them into a clandestine connexion, it required the whole energy of principle to prevent them from breaking the seal. Harriet at length dismissed Susan, with an injunction that she should return the letter as it was, and never again be engaged in such a plot.

The poor girl withdrew, muttering as she crossed the staircase--"I've done all I could; if he dies, I an't to blame; I know that, I do."

Eliza, who rejoiced in every occurrence that would exclude reflection, had now an admirable fund of amusement, in commenting on the letter, and foretelling the consequences of her sister's *cruelty*, as she facetiously termed it.

Harriet had more penetration, than not to observe that Eliza's vivacity was *affected*.

She

She thought it prudent, however, not to notice her evident partiality for Somerton, and resolved critically to watch her conduct, and learn the result.

The carriage arrived to convey them to the ball. Harriet was attended by the obsequious Mr. Dilemma, and Eliza, with a palpitating heart, gave her hand to Edward, who pressed it significantly as he led her to the carriage. At the ball-room they had the satisfaction to meet Miss Stanhope, from whom they had been several days separated, by a multiplicity of domestic concerns. She was attended by her brother, an accomplished young gentleman, who had lately returned from Europe. The evening passed away very agreeably, diversified with dancing, music, and conversation, until the Queen of Even, arriving at her midnight splendour, admonished them

them that it was time to retire. Harriet and Eliza were handed to their carriage by their respective partners, much pleased with the entertainment, and the politeness of Somerton, to whom they owed their participation of it

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

Oh, happy state, when souls each other draw,
Where love is liberty, and nature law;
All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
No craving void left aching in the breast;
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.

POPE'S ELOISA.

TIME now flitted away unmarked by any occurrence of consequence. Mr. Dilemma returned to the university; or, as he expressed it, from the *terrestrial girls*, to those *celestial beauties*, the muses, of whose favour he was assured.

They

They heard no more of the billet-doux, or its writer; and the hours were alternately spent in deeds of benevolence, and scenes of amusement, till smiling summer gave place to the rigid dominion of winter; and silence and solitude once more reigned in the peaceful village.

To minds "never less alone, than when alone," retirement was happiness. Books, music, and drawing, supplied the place of balls, assemblies, and parties of pleasure; and friendship and freedom gave the highest zest to every enjoyment. Eliza alone was uneasy. She reviewed the conduct of Somerton, and found nothing which could excite suspicion in the breast of the most scrupulous. She construed his attentions to her in a manner the most agreeable to her wishes, and a train of flattering presages crowded upon her mind. In spite of

every effort, another idea would obtrude. Should her partiality for Somerton become apparent to him, every attention on his part would seem rather a compliance with her wishes, than the effect of an attachment. She resolved, if possible, to eradicate the fatal passion from her heart; or, at all events, to conceal it from the scrutinizing eye, even of parental or fraternal fondness. With this resolution she assumed an unusual degree of vivacity; and when a sigh was ready to burst from her bosom, she checked it, and smiled with affected complacency, while her heart was rent with anguish.

> To carry smiles and sunshine in the face,
> When discontent sits heavy at the heart,

though difficult, is not impossible. Deception was once Eliza's detestation, but she

was

was so situated, that she must either practise it, or give pain to those she loved.

The return of Eliza's cheerfulness gave transport to the amiable Harriet. She had observed her thoughtfulness, her absence of mind, her involuntary blushes, with all the painful solicitude a sister's heart can feel. When she saw the sombre cloud dissipated, and Eliza, as she thought, once more cheerful and happy, she participated in her joy, and ceasing to enquire into the cause of her former dejection, she rejoiced in the return of her apparent happiness, and her heart knew not a painful emotion.

Perhaps such a situation as nearly approximates to the felicities of the etherial regions, as the frail state of humanity will permit. As the smooth stream glides peacefully along, fertilizing the meadows, and watering the flowers that are strewed

upon its banks; though the distant torrent roars tremendously, it regards not its tumult, but still rolls on its peaceful, undisturbed course, till it is lost in the ocean; so, in such a situation, we glide down the stream of time, regardless of the frowns of fortune, and superior to the bustle of the world, till terrestrial scenes are swallowed up in eternity, and the pleasures of life are lost in the boundless ocean of eternal bliss.

CHAP. XV.

Oh, jealousy,
Thou ugliest fiend of hell, thy deadly venom
Preys on my vitals, turns the healthful hue
Of my flush'd cheek to haggard sallowness,
And drinks my spirit up.

MORE'S SACRED DRAMAS.

SEVERAL months now passed, without producing any considerable incident, when the bright dawning of felicity began to be overclouded, and Amelia's life made wretched by the machinations of Conrade's

foes. For several weeks she had not received a letter from Conrade, and already she began to chide his silence, when the post-boy one morning brought her a letter, in an unknown hand She hastily broke the seal, and read as follows—

"MADAM,

"You are grossly deceived and imposed upon, by professions of esteem from one Anderson, a most unprincipled libertine, who is now addressing a lady of fortune in Philadelphia Motives of friendship induced me to give this information, to which I shall affix no other signature than that of your

"UNKNOWN FRIEND."

Amelia

Amelia was dismayed; objects swam before her, her heart beat violently, she attempted to speak, but the accent died on her lips. Happily her emotion had no other witness than the eye of maternal fondness. Mrs. Stanhope possessed a feeling heart; she still felt for youth, for she recollected she had once been young. Firm and undeviating in her sentiments, she admired an emotion which reflected so much honour on Amelia's constancy. With a pervading eye, she saw at once into the imposition and its cause. She expressed some degree of surprise, that Amelia could for a moment credit such anonymous slander.

"Were the writer really your friend, Amelia," said she, "he would never have screened himself under a signature so equivocal; no, depend upon it, my daughter,

it is the plot of your's and Conrade's foes. It would be folly to pretend insensibility to your accomplishments, (Amelia's face was suffused with a crimson blush) and you must be sensible, my dear, these accomplishments will gain you many *real* or pretended admirers. The man who really esteems you, will not hesitate to declare it; but he will never descend to artifice or meanness to secure your affections to himself. There are, Amelia, among those mysteries, which we can never comprehend, some hearts so constituted, as to derive pleasure from the destruction of the happiness of the object of their affection. The heart of the libertine is composed of materials totally different from humanity. Insensible to the charms of innocence, and seeking only sensual gratification, he employs all the artifice that genius can devise,

to

to seduce unguarded virtue. Nothing will so happily conduce to guard a youthful female against the arts of the seducer, as a sincere, virtuous attachment. Thus it is evident, that the libertine, who would destroy your virtue and your happiness would, if possible, eradicate from your heart all prior attachments; he would shake your confidence in your lover, and per suade you that your friends are false."

Notwithstanding these assurances, Amelia found it next to impossible to conquer a melancholy sensation, that preyed upon her mind. Jealousy and love, distrust and affection, were struggling which should preponderate. At one moment, (when she considered his long silence) she was half inclined to believe him false; then as quickly would she discard the idea, and blush that she *could* ever cherish it, espe-

cially when founded on such anonymous information.

"Can human nature be so base?" she would exclaim.—"Can that which emanates from Deity, possess the qualities of the fiends of Erebus?—can that form, which might claim an alliance with the celestial nature, possess a heart beyond description depraved?—No, no; I will not cherish the idea, even for a moment."

Notwithstanding this determination, her countenance spoke a language different from her tongue, when she attempted to appear gay and cheerful as usual. After some hesitation, she entrusted Lorenzo, her brother, with the cause of her uneasiness.

Lorenzo instantly suspected, though he forbore to mention his suspicion, that the anonymous letter was the artifice of one of

Somer

Somerton's associates, who had frequently expressed an ardent passion for Amelia, and regretted that a previous engagement precluded even the possibility that he might be permitted to address her. This was actually the case. The writer was the confidential friend of Somerton, and enemy to all good; consequently an enemy to Anderson and his Amelia. This entiment alone induced him to cast a shade over their prospects of happiness; but the moment he beheld Amelia, the desire of possessing her himself, was an additional incentive. His heart was as corrupt, but perhaps not altogether so stoic, as Somerton's. To the refined delicacy of Amelia's sentiments, to the beauty of her person, and the dignity of her mind, he was not altogether insensible. And it is a truth, uncontroverted, that the rake, who glories in the destruc-

 tion

tion of female honour, is the first to admire, and secretly to respect a woman of virtue. How he can plot the destruction of that which he admires and respects, is one of those unaccountable mysteries, which such hearts as Edward's and Evander's can alone unriddle.

Evander had fixed his residence in the country, the better to facilitate his plan; and the following letter was dispatched to Somerton soon after his arrival—

LETTER.

"You were right, Edward, when you said of Harriet, that she was as inflexible as Lucretia. She is fair, as Juba says of Marcia—" She is divinely fair."

But

But still the lovely maid improves her charms,
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And suavity of manners.*"

"I made my advances in the style of a lover, through the medium of her waiting-maid, but my letter was returned *unopened.* Here's a girl of spirit for you, Edward; but I have abrogated all claim to a connexion with her, and turned an eye of curious speculation on the gentle Amelia. I yesterday wrote her a "pitiful story" of her dear lover's inconstancy, affixed no signature, imitated the post mark, and gave the post-boy sixpence to leave it with the morning papers. I called on her this morning, under pretence of visiting Lorenzo. The old man was very civil; Lorenzo's conversation was barely ceremonial,

* Addison's Cato.

and

and I conjectured (but perhaps it was only conjecture) that a look of inquisitive suspicion mingled with the keen glance of his eye. The mother and daughter were not observable. Finding my situation rather uneasy, I took my leave. As I passed through the little lawn that fronts the house, I observed Amelia walking in a thoughtful attitude in the garden. I thought of Celestia, and that d——d pungent letter I received; and I don't know what is the reason, but, by Jove, something like remorse will haunt me whenever I recollect her, and harrow up unwelcome ideas in my mind. O, Edward, why cannot I possess your confirmed disposition? But there is a little secret something in my bosom, that will occasionally prick me, in spite of every effort. What is it, Edward? —is it not fear?—No, by Heaven! I know

not

not what it is to fear. Is it conscience?—I thought I had stifled that unwelcome monitor long ago; but I tell you how it is, Edward; the slightest indisposition makes a coward of me. Is this my only existence? —Psha! damn the thought!—away!—'tis gone!—I am myself again. There is no future world; and death—is an *eternal sleep!* —These are my tenets; but how the devil I came to be writing them now, I don't know, but I believe the incident I am going to relate put it into my head.

"I was riding the other day through a bye road, in M——, when a decent-looking old fellow, whose air and stature were familiar to me, passed on the opposite side of the road. Some slight salutation, as we passed, drew his eyes from the ground,—"Good God!" he exclaimed,

 in

in a voice which I instantly recognized for old Williamson's, and walked swiftly away. If it were not the old fellow, I was deceived by a very striking resemblance; if it were he, how the devil came he here?—I was told that he died in prison. However, I believe I have little to apprehend; he will hardly have effrontery enough to charge Evander with the treachery of Theodore, for that was my name in Pennsylvania.

"But to return—You know how swiftly a rumour flies, coloured and improved by every retailer. I have whispered to one or two acquaintances, as a most profound secret, which they have promised by all that's good not to reveal, that Anderson is shortly to be married to a young lady of fortune in Philadelphia. This you know is the most effectual method to circulate a

story,

story, and not a soul in the village but will be made acquainted with the *secret* in less than forty-eight hours, for

> They tell the tale, the tale in telling grows,
> And each relater adds to what he knows.

"Anderson's letters I found it easy to intercept. They will do to entertain my brother bucks with, when we begin to yawn over the bottle, and I have a fund of amusement in store for you from the perusal.—Thus far, I have unfolded events, as they took place. You shall know from time to time how I succeed, and I shall frequently call to mind a precept I was taught in infancy—" If thou thinkest thou shalt not succeed, thou certainly wilt not." —I don't recollect whether this grave quotation is from that antiquated book, called the Bible, or whether it is the precept

cept of Chesterfield. No matter which, so long as we practise it to advantage.

"Yours, *without* et cetera,

EVANDER EBBERT."

CHAP. XVI.

When cruel slander takes her hideous flight,
What man's secure against her baleful sway?
Virtue herself must sink in shades of night,
And spotless innocence must fall a prey.

THE HIVE.

AFFAIRS began now to wear a favourable aspect on the side of Edward and Evander. Stanhope's suspicion was deeply rooted, and wanted only some slight confirmation to render it indelible. As Evander had foretold, the rumour flew on the wings of falsehood, and, coloured and improved by every retailer, it assumed as many

many forms as a Proteus, and as many hues as the cameleon. Stanhope began to listen with a credulous ear. Prejudiced in the truth of slanderous reports, he listened with a predetermination to believe; and hence it is that—

> Trifles, light as air,
> Are to the jealous, confirmation strong,
> As proof of holy writ.

Evander saw his opportunity, and availed himself amply of the presentiment he saw in his favour. The friendship of Lorenzo he had cultivated, with an assiduity that might ensure success. Lorenzo's heart was formed for social intercourse; he spurned not the offers of friendship, and though his quick penetration had discovered some traits in Evander's character, which his generosity endeavoured to conceal, even from

from himself, yet he saw not the malice of his heart; and though he had suspected him as the author of the anonymous letter, yet the suspicion was without a shadow of proof, and the impression was gradually effacing, and he began to feel for him that generous friendship which strongly characterizes a worthy mind.

The long, mysterious silence of Conrade at length confirmed the suspicions of Stanhope, and Amelia was distressed. Had her delicacy permitted the enquiry, the Miss Herberts might have satisfied her mind on the subject.

Whether it were a true or false delicacy, it is not our motive to determine. The peaceful serenity of her bosom was exchanged for a restless inquietude, for the "green-eyed monster," Jealousy, had found his way to her heart.

Stanhope

Stanhope was not wealthy; and an unhappy passion for "the root of evil," rendered him blind and deaf to every other consideration. He was not philosopher enough to despise the opinion of the world; and was sufficiently acquainted with the nature of mankind, to know that poverty must encounter—

> The proud man's contumely, and the scorns
> Which patient merit of the unworthy takes.

It may be charitably supposed, that he was guided by a mistaken fondness for Amelia, when he proposed Evander as her future husband. He imagined, indeed, that Amelia could as readily transfer the passion which she had fondly and enthusiastically cherished for Conrade, to a second object, as he had his esteem, when persuaded that he had placed it on an unworthy

worthy object. Every argument which worldly prudence could suggest, was employed to persuade her to a compliance, but she peremptorily refused to listen to any overtures from Evander.—" Our vows," she would say, " are registered by

> Him, whose temple is all space,
> Whose altar, earth, sea, skies;

and on my part they never shall be violated." Had she been fully persuaded of the perfidy of Conrade, she might have withdrawn her esteem, but not her affection; but now, when she only *doubted*, she found herself more inviolably attached to him than ever. She could not credit, for a moment, that his *heart* was vicious; she could not believe him a libertine. —" If he is betrayed into errors," she would say, " they are the errors of the un-

derstanding,

derstanding, not the heart."—Sometimes she thought of writing to Conrade, and requesting an explanation. The same delicacy that forbade her to enquire the truth of those reports, which industrious slander had circulated to his prejudice, for a long time prevented her from *seeking* his attention. The interest she felt in knowing what fate awaited her, at length triumphed over this timid hesitation, and she wrote the feelings of an undisguised heart. Anxiously she waited the arrival of the mail, but no answer was returned. This was indubitable proof, and the anguish of her heart was keen indeed.

To complete her misfortune, Herbert and his two daughters set out on a journey to meet Conrade, whose time of return drew nigh.

To those who are acquainted with the

manners

manners of an American village, it is unnecessary to observe, that this incident, trifling as it was, became the subject of universal conversation; the general opinion was, that they were to be present at the solemnization of Conrade's nuptials. Evander encouraged the tongue of slander; and the most malicious and unfounded reports, with respect to the moral character of Anderson, were circulated with all the envenomed malignity of the tattler. The parson of the parish confirmed them; and every heart, consequently, responded "it must be so; he was married, he had seduced and ruined a beautiful young creature; he was connected with a woman of ill fame;" he was indeed every thing vicious. His miniature Amelia had carefully preserved, which now seemed to speak to her of days of happiness for ever flown.

 It

It was executed by the hand of a master. There was a noble ingenuousness in his countenance, that irresistibly impressed on the beholder a belief that his heart was unsullied. His dark, expressive eyes glistened with sensibility, and spoke the feelings of a generous soul—"Alas!" said Amelia, as she contemplated the inanimate emblem of her only love, "temptation's storms have blighted one of nature's fairest blossoms."

Stanhope, with his natural inflexibility, swore, that if he ever returned, he should see Amelia married. In vain did she supplicate; the day was appointed which was to unite her in the most sacred bonds, to a person she could not even honour with her friendship. Lorenzo's heart was divided. Now he importuned Amelia to concede to her father's wishes; now entreated Stanhope to recede from his determination. The

amiable

amiable Mrs. Stanhope was the firm, undeviating friend of Amelia; and advocate of Anderson. Thus that house, which had hitherto witnessed nothing but concord and harmony in domestic life, became the temple of uneasiness. Vexed at her obstinacy, as he termed it, Stanhope treated his daughter with a harshness, at which, in his cooler moments, his heart recoiled. Her freedom was abridged; her walks in the grove were at first restricted, then entirely forbidden; and her principal source of happiness denied her.

 CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

> With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,
> Pale Melancholy sat retir'd;
> And from her wild sequester'd seat,
> In notes by distance made more sweet,
> Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul;
> Thro' glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
> Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay,
> In hollow murmurs died away.
>
> COLLINS.

THUS disagreeably situated, her only pleasure was a walk in the garden, and her only comforter her guitar.

In

In one of her solitary rambles, she thought she discovered an uncommon expression in the countenance of the gardener, and that he eyed her with an eager, wistful look. Wishing for an opportunity to accost him, and yet dreading to meet him, lest he should have some fatal tidings to communicate, she left her chamber, and, with her guitar and music-books, sought a short reprieve from her sorrows.

The sun had just withdrawn from the horizon, the air was placid and serene, and the face of nature uncommonly calm and delightful. Not so the bosom of Amelia. Unable any longer to enjoy the beauty of the scenery, she no longer beheld it with her wonted admiration.

Unconscious whither she was straying, and heedless of all around her, she reached a little grotto at the bottom of the garden,

formed by the woodbine and honey-suckle, whose delicious fragrance perfumed the air. She sat down on her moss-covered mound, and taking her guitar, tried to recollect some lively air.—"Begone, dull care," was performed, but not with that spirit and feeling, that give all the grace to musical compositions. Her hand trembled, and the notes died on the tremulous string.

"Will nothing soothe my anguish?" said she.—"Shepherds, I have lost my love;" this "accords with my soul's sadness."—She accompanied the instrument with her voice, till she came to the stanza—

> All the joys of life are o'er,
> From gladness chang'd to mourning;

when no longer able contain her emotions, she rose from her seat, and burst into tears.

It

It was now evening, and the firmament glowed with miriads of gems. The bird of Even had began her accustomed tale of sorrow, and formed a plaintive cadence to the notes of Amelia's guitar.

"Sweet bird," said she "companion in misfortune, mourn on; strike every tender chord of sympathy and compassion; go tell thy story to my misguided parent, tell him thou liv'st at ease, blest with the gifts of nature; but 'twas *desire of gain* tempted the ruthless sportsman to level the inhuman instrument of death at the partner of thy love. Alas! my father," she continued, "why seek to render me miserable?—can riches alone bring happiness, when the heart is torn by contending influences?—Ah, no.

The great at best are harrass'd with concern,
Anxious their days, and restless pass their nights."

She wept and sobbed in agony.

"Tears!" she exclaimed; "why this is puerile impotence of mind. Is it not better to conquer what cannot be averted, than to shrink supinely under the weight of misfortune?—Yes; fortune, cruel, outrageous fortune, henceforth you may hurl your empoisoned arrows, but my heart shall be doubly cased in adamant. Sensibility is but the torment of my life; I must, I will suppress it. Now I am equal to every trial."

Footsteps approached; it was the servant she so much wished to speak with.

"Mr. Stanhope, Madam," said he, "sent me to conduct you to the house; he says, the evening air will make you take cold."

"Is he so careful of my health?" said Amelia unconsciously.

"Yes, Madam, for he loves you; but

he

he don't see which way the cat jumps, or he wouldn't make all this fuss and confusion."

Amelia entreated him to explain himself.

"I would, if I dare, your Ladyship, but——"

"But what, Robert?—in an affair so interesting, ought there to be any reserve?"

"Well, now, by my good faith," said Robert, "I have as good a mind to tell you, as ever I had to eat when I was hungry; but you wont tell your father nor Mr. Ebbert?"

Amelia promised that she would not. Robert continued, hesitatingly—

"Why, Ma'am, Mr. Ebbert's valet and I are sworn brothers; I tells him all I knows, and he tells me all he knows; and, faith, I believe a little more sometimes. Well,

 says

says he to me, Robert, you see all this preparation for a wedding, what do you think of it?—Why, says I, what should I think of it, but that my young lady is going to be married?—Pshaw! says he, no such thing; sham marriage, sham certificate, sham clergyman, all sham."

Amelia started with horror. She too well understood the meaning of Robert's detail, and begged him to assist her to escape the impending calamity. Robert assured her that he would willingly do every thing in his power; but how could he assist her? A long pause ensued. At length Robert promised to see her again in the morning; and once more enjoining secrecy, they separated, and she immediately retired to her chamber, but not to repose.

The fortitude with which she had supported the conversation with the servant, now

now quite forsook he, and her tears flowed uncontrolledly. For sometime she was scarcely conscious of existence; a giddiness succeeded, and she almost fainted. She opened her casement to inhale the fresh air, and found her spirits a little revived. With a heart sorely oppressed, she at length sought refuge in the arms of Somnus, and—

Tir'd nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,

for awhile eased her heart of its pangs.

CHAP. XVIII.

When bright imagination reigns,
The fine-wrought spirit feels acuter pains;
Where glow exalted sense, and taste refin'd,
There keener anguish rankles in the mind;
There feeling is diffus'd through every part,
Thrills in each nerve, and lives in all the heart;
And those, whose generous souls each tear would keep,
From other's eyes are born themselves to weep.

MORE'S SENSIBILITY.

RESTLESS and uneasy passed the hours of darkness; and soon as Aurora reddened in the orient, and the dusky shades of the morning succeeded the darkness of the night,

night, she again repaired to the garden. A gleam of hope existed that she should escape the portending calamity; but it was only a gleam; yet it gave her a short release from sorrow. It was a ray of pleasure, beaming through the clouds of despair.

The dappled morning rose serenely. Amelia had often contemplated such a scene with romantic enthusiasm.

The butterfly flitted from flower to flower, apparently happy; and Amelia addressed to the little flutterer the following stanzas—

STANZAS TO THE BUTTERFLY.

Stay, little rambler, whither dost thou go?
 Once more come near, expand thy beauteous wings,
 Each flower for thee a balmy fragrance brings;
Short is thy life, no sorrow dost thou know.

Thy

Thy wings a thousand varying tints display,
Spangled with gold, and tipp'd with azure blue ;
To grief a stranger, thou art always gay,
As thou the meadows rov'st, and sipp'st ambrosial dew.

Or as thou wander'st through the sylvan bowers,
Extracting sweets from aromatic flowers,
Say, dost thy bosom ever joyless prove ?
Say, dost thou ever mourn thy hapless love ?

Yet, though thy charms the raptur'd heart may warm,
Soon, soon thy transitory life is o'er,
Thy glitt'ring charms the fancy please no more ;
Pride of the Summer, faded is thy form.

Beauty, dost thou th' instructive scene survey ?
Does pity's tear stand trembling in thine eye ?
Or does thy bosom heave an heartfelt sigh ?
'Tis emblematic of thy transitory ray.

Though flatterers deify thy heavenly form,
Though fools may idolize thine every charm,
A prey thou fall'st to Winter's ruthless power,
Too soon the frost of age shall rip the tender flower.

But

But mental charms for ever shine the same,
Internal beauties admiration claim;
These fear no change the hand of time can bring,
But bloom for ever as the rosy Spring.

She adapted these lines to her guitar, and with the aid of music and poetry, effectually beguiled the "weary moments of sorrow."*

Violent indeed must have been that grief which would not listen to the soothing sounds of the instrument, when touched with so delicate an hand. The power of music on the mind can be felt but not described. Cold, inanimate, and wrapped up in apathy, must be that heart which will not feel itself soften, and expand, under the influence of harmonious sounds. The All-gracious Power, to whom we attribute the formation of our minds, wisely and kindly

ordained this heavenly art, to be the gentle soother of our sorrows.

The morning was now considerably advanced, and Robert did not appear. She began to imagine that he too had forsaken her, when she accidentally stumbled over a stone, and nearly fell to the ground. She knew that a stone of such magnitude must have been placed there intentionally, and felt a strong impulse to remove it. With some exertion of strength, she turned it over, and found that it covered a letter, addressed to herself. She hastily concealed it, and retired with precipitancy to her chamber.

On opening it, she found that it was from her faithful Robert. He informed, that he had found it impossible to converse with her, without exciting suspicion; but added, if she would meet him under the garden

garden wall, at eleven in the evening, he would conduct her to a place of safety. He conjured her to be secret, and she knew full well that she should gain nothing by relating her information. Stanhope would never credit it, and perhaps might believe it manufactured to answer her own private purposes.

To commit herself to the guidance of a servant was perilous, yet she preferred it to a more certain evil. The letter from the servant, which, from the uncourtliness of the style, and still greater uncourtliness of the orthography, she had read with difficulty, mentioned as a signal, if she accepted the proposal, a white cloth suspended from her window at sunset.

Having deliberately considered the consequences, and finally made up her mind

on

on the subject, with an heart considerably lightened of its pressure, she joined the family at breakfast. The meal, on her part, was silent and solitary. Lorenzo's eye frequently met her's, and as often was bedewed with a tear. He remarked her ill health, and pressed her to eat. A languid smile crossed her cheek, as much as to say—"You, my brother, are still my friend."

Evander soon entered the room. Amelia would have withdrawn; but Lorenzo, in a whisper, begged her to stay. Her appearance was altered, indeed; the roses of health, that once bloomed on her countenance, were withered; the fine, benignant expression of her eyes, was, if possible, heightened, as they shone through her tears;

As when the blue sky trembles through a cloud
Of purest white *.

Her appearance, though less animated, was not less interesting than ever, and the shade of sorrow, that sat so delicately on her brow, would have touched any heart, but that which was under the dominion of gold.

Stanhope, who vainly imagined that her regrets would wear away, now communicated, in a manner as tender and engaging as such information could be communicated, that her marriage was to take place on the ensuing morning. She raised her eyes mildly to heaven, with an expression that so much affected Mrs. Stanhope, that she withdrew to conceal her emotions. Stanhope and Lorenzo soon followed her,

* Thomson.

and

and Amelia was again constrained to listen to the professions of Evander. She answered as she had uniformly done; told him it was preposterous for her to think of giving her hand where she could not bestow her heart; and ended with solemnly assuring him, that her lips should never sanction an engagement to which her heart would ever be adulterous.—" You may be assured, Sir," said she, in a firm and dignified tone, " that I never will barter happiness for wealth."

Lorenzo now entered, and she immediately retired, happy that she had been able to dissimulate her knowledge of his infamous plot.

The day was spent in a state of mind, which justly to delineate, would require more than mortal powers of expression. More than once was her resolution shaken,

by

by the thought of leaving, perhaps for ever, a parent's house, and wandering an exile, she knew not whither, and again revived by the dread of the threatened calamity. Evening arrived. She suspended the cloth from her window, and as soon as she could possibly frame an excuse, she retired to her chamber; to avoid observation, she extinguished her light. The village clock tolled ten; she opened her casement; all was silent, except the roaring of the distant thunder, and the hollow murmurs of the wind. A dark cloud lay along the western horizon, and the repeated flashes of lightning and solemn roaring of the "deep-toned thunder," portended an approaching tempest.—"One hour more," mused she, "and I shall quit, perhaps for ever, my paternal dwelling, and, like the wanderers from Eden, explore an unknown

unknown region. Oh, why am I reduced to this dreadful alternative?—If some unseen divinity witnesses this conflict in my bosom, oh, may my heart's emotion plead for my indiscretion. Parent Supreme, (and she knelt) look down on injured innocence!—oh, be thou a friend to the friendless, a guide to the wanderer. Other trust I have none; even him whom I address with the endearing name of parent, I fly from; be thou, then, eternal Parent of the Universe, a father to the fatherless."

She rose and leaned again from her window. The thunders continued to roll, and the flashes of lightning grew more terrific. Amelia was terrified, and on the point of relinquishing her purpose, when she discovered a person on horseback, slowly and carefully approaching. This discovery reanimated her courage; she paused a moment;

ment; then hastily putting on her cloak she quitted her chamber. She listened on the staircase; the family were in a back parlour; she softly opened the door, and in a moment was in the street. All was silence within, and she was convinced that her flight was unnoticed.—"You are early, Robert," said she. He offered her his arm; and in a low and disguised voice, enjoined silence. They mounted on horseback, and rode swiftly away in an unfrequented road.

When they were at such a distance as not to fear detection, Amelia entreated to know whither they were going? but her guide was still silent, and she trembled with terror. The cloud which had long hovered in the west, now obscured the face of the moon; the thunders rolled incessantly, and to the vivid flashes they were indebted for all the light they enjoyed. Amelia's heart

heart sunk with terror, when she heard the rumbling of an approaching carriage, and a voice, which she too well knew to be Evander's, called on them to stop At this moment her horse stumbled, and brought her to the ground. She fainted. Evander seized her in his arms, and hurried her to the carriage, pale and breathless.

END OF VOL. I.

Lane and Darling, Minerva Office, Leadenhall-Street.